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THE STATE UNIVERSITY.

The public university supported by taxation, and forming the keystone in the educational arch of the Commonwealth, offers one of the most familiar, and at the same time one of the most distinctive features of the American system. In our Western and Southern States, indeed, this part of the educational machinery is so taken for granted as both necessary and logical that we should find much difficulty in dismissing it from the terms of our thinking about educational matters. That the State university is the logical outcome of our national attitude toward education will be admitted without much argument. We believe it a paramount duty of the State to provide for the free education of its citizens, and that principle once accepted, the question of how far public education shall be carried becomes one of mere expediency, of ways and means only, involving no fundamental principle whatever. It is obvious that the education provided at the public charge should be the best that is demanded by intelligent opinion, the best that is justified by economic conditions.

On the other hand, it is equally evident from our educational history that the public university is not necessary in the sense that we should have no higher education at all without it. That agency failing us, we should still have private institutions of learning, and these, if in unrestricted occupancy of the field, would undoubtedly be much more numerous than they now are, possibly numerous enough to make up fully for the failure of the community to recognize its higher responsibilities. The fact that a national ideal which leaves to private initiative so many matters fostered by government support in other countries has not been willing to leave this matter also to take care of itself offers convincing evidence of the seriousness with which we confront our duties in the educational field. Hardly any other nation even now confronts those duties as seriously as we do; no other nation has a record as long and consistent as ours for recognition of this solemn educational obligation of the State.

The early history of college education in

America is not only interesting in itself, and even romantic at times, but it is also singularly instructive in the light which it throws upon the persistency of the national attitude toward education. Mr. Elmer Ellsworth Brown, the author of a recent publication of the University of California, entitled "The Origin of American State Universities," has made an interesting study of the conditions surrounding the higher education in our early history, the influences that shaped our pioneer colleges, and the tendencies that at last resulted in the type of institution now known as the State university. It is the case with nations as well as individuals that ideals which eventually become distinctly defined originate in some semi-conscious impulse, and grope their way toward complete realization. This is notably the case with the American ideal of the higher public education, as Mr. Brown makes clear in the course of his investigation. That all education, the highest no less than the lowest, must be a matter of public concern, is a corollary from the very principle of democracy, and the gradual establishment of this view in our polity is the subject of an important chapter in the history of our institutional evolution.

The colonial period in America witnessed the foundation of nine colleges, of which the list is as follows: Harvard (1636), William and Mary (1693), Yale (1701), Princeton (1746), Pennsylvania (1753), King's, afterwards Columbia (1754), Brown (1764), Queens, afterwards Rutgers (1766), and Dartmouth (1769). All were established primarily for the purpose of religious instruction; but all showed early tendencies to escape from that limitation. Generally speaking, these colleges, whatever the ecclesiastical organization for which they stood, were tolerant enough in their conditions of membership. Also generally speaking, they received from the State some measure of support, either directly or indirectly — by money appropriations, land grants, exemption from taxation or permissive legislation in the matter of lotteries — and in return for these favors, the State claimed a certain degree of control over the colleges. As the period of the Revolution drew near, there came to be a growing consciousness on the part of the public that the colleges were somehow failing to respond to the needs of the commonwealth. They remained sectarian in management, and their close-corporation type of government prevented them from serving as representative agencies of a plastic society tending to shape itself upon lines more and more democratic. We consequently find that resolute attempts were made, beginning some time before the Revolution and extending many years beyond it, to enlarge the scope of governmental control, and to convert these essentially private corporations into quasi-public institutions.

These attempts failed all along the line. They were particularly persistent, before the Revolution, in the cases of Yale and King's; after the Revolution they were continued in these cases and several others, the movement receiving its *coup de grace* in 1819, when the adjudication of the Supreme Court, in the leading case of Dartmouth College, forever settled the long-vexed question. This case is chiefly famous because of its wide bearings, and because it enforced in unmistakable terms the Constitutional provision prohibiting a State from making any law impairing the obligation of contracts. In its educational significance, which alone concerns us here, it meant that the charters of the colonial colleges were not subject to revison, in the sense of enlarged State control, by legislative enactment. Webster's masterly argument disposed of that question for good, and thus transformed the whole movement for making public institutions out of the existing colleges into a movement for the establishment of new institutions under the complete control of the State.

The nearest colonial approach to a State university as we understand the expression was probably offered by Harvard in its earliest days. "Up to 1650," says Mr. Brown, "it was as nearly like a state university as the colony was like a modern state." But it lost much of this character after an amendment to the charter enlarged the powers of the Corporation. We have seen how the attempts to make state institutions out of the other colleges were marked by failure, although Pennsylvania, Columbia, and Dartmouth "had each its brief term of service as a State institution." Soon after the Revolution the movement for permanent State universities took definite shape, and the Southern States were the first to make such establishments. The legislature of North Carolina erected a State university in 1789, and the legislature of South Carolina in 1801 followed the example thus set by its neighbors. In the Old Dominion, after repeated attempts to transform the ancient foun-

dation of William and Mary had been thwarted, the efforts of Thomas Jefferson to establish a true State institution came to fruition, and in 1819, the year of the Dartmouth College decision, the University of Virginia entered upon its honorable and influential career.

The chief opportunity, however, for the exercise of this new governmental function first clearly recognized in the South was to be found in the new Northwest. Here was a field free for experiment, and unhampered by any institutional inheritance. Congress had already prepared the way by providing the Territory with a fundamental law in the form of that great Ordinance which has been the Magna Charta of the liberties of five great commonwealths. Congress had also, in its character as universal landed proprietor, devoted to the educational purposes of the future a not inconsiderable fraction of the national domain. The history of State universities in the Northwest is not easy to present in simple outline, because of the gradual stages by which the several institutions have come to their full growth. Ohio University was chartered in 1804, the year after the admission of the State, but it received no public support except from the Congressional grants of land. Ohio is thus in a way descredited educationally, in spite of its forty colleges (mostly small and sectarian), and in spite of the fact that in the University of Cincinnati it offers a pioneer example of the public city university which is bound to be one of the general educational developments of the future. Indiana and Illinois, which come next in the order of statehood, have done better. The University of the former commonwealth has a history beginning with the Indiana Seminary of 1820, and the University of the sister State, growing out of the Industrial University chartered in 1867, has made up for its youth by its rapid recent development.

It is to Michigan and Wisconsin, however, the last two States organized in the Northwestern Territory, that we must look for examples of the American State university in its most typical form. These strongly-manned and generously-supported institutions, making their influence felt in every county and town of their respective States, have for the first time shown what higher education at the public charge may mean, and have thus set examples and served as models, not only for their less progressive neighbor-commonwealths, but also for nearly all the newer States of the West and Southwest, the States made out of the Louisiana Purchase, the territory wrested from Mexico, and the Oregon country. Both Michigan and Wisconsin took the lead at the very start in the matter of public higher education, and have never had to contend against important or richly-endowed private foundations. It was as early as 1817, long before Michigan became a State, that the territorial legislature called into being the "Catholepistemiad or University of Michigan," although the institution, under its more chastened modern designation, was not opened for students until a quarter of a century later. The founding of the University of Wisconsin dates from 1848, having been coincident with the creation of the State itself. The influence of these two great institutions upon the educational development of the West has been very marked. They have set the pace, as it were, for the institutions of similar type that have been organized during the last fifty years in a score or more of the Western and Southern States. They have also shown, for the first time, that the State university may be so liberally planned, and brought to so high a degree of efficiency, as fairly to rival the rich private foundations of an earlier day.

The large endowments of the great private university corporations are doubtless imposing, but the potential endowment of a flourishing State university, backed by the public opinion of a populous commonwealth, should be found even more so. Not only does the "plant" exhibited at such places as Madison and Ann Arbor compare favorably in impressiveness with what may be seen at Ithaca or New Haven, but their regular annual appropriations, if capitalized, would represent totals of the same order of magnitude as those represented by the invested funds of the private corporations concerned in this comparison. And the possibilities of growth, in the case of the State university, are not limited by the generosity of a few wealthy individuals, but are as boundless as the wealth of the whole community. And even, as the University of California has recently shown us, the State institution may become the mark for private philanthropy as well as the object of public expenditure, thus uniting both sources of supply in a common beneficent aim.

We have no idea that public competition in the matter of university education will ever

force the private institutions out of existence. The experience of the last thirty years, marked as it is by such foundations as Johns Hopkins, Bryn Mawr, Clark, Stanford, and Chicago, makes it fairly evident that we shall have new private universities in increasing numbers. But the State establishments must henceforth be counted as worthy competitors in this field of generous rivalry. In the course of time we shall also have tax-supported colleges in our larger cities, for this must be the natural course of development of our city high schools. And all these institutions, public and private, will tend more and more to offer public service in the broadest sense, and to discourage all narrow aims and antiquated methods. The only sufferers in this competition will be the institutions that ought to suffer — those that offer an indignity to the very spirit of education by setting some form of sectarian teaching in the foreground of their activities, those that do not encourage the most absolute freedom of teaching and investigation, those that remain so hidebound in tradition as to be unable to adapt themselves to the ever-changing and ever-broadening demands of an advancing civilization. In this light, we may await without alarm the survival of the fittest among educational types, and view without a pang the disappearance of those that are based upon prejudice and consecrated to outworn creeds.

There is evidence upon every hand that we are now in a fair way of approach toward the realization of the principle "that no sort of higher education can possibly be a merely private concern," that all the types of university management "are leading up to the one type of American university, which is that of an institution ministering liberally and constantly to the higher life of the people and of all the people." These words of our author are enforced by a series of striking quotations from Governor Livingston of New York, one of the most enlightened educational thinkers of the eighteenth century. It would not be easy to improve upon the following programme, which was framed by Livingston exactly a century and a half ago:

"The true use of education is to qualify men for the different employments of life to which it may please God to call them. 'Tis to improve their hearts and understandings, to infuse a public spirit and love of their Country; to inspire them with the principles of honor and probity; with a fervent zeal for liberty, and a diffusive benevolence for mankind; and in a word, to make them more extensively serviceable to the Commonwealth."

WALTER PATER IN PERSPECTIVE.

In these days of abbreviations and brusqueness, when the diction and manners of shop-girls and political rings penetrate even college circles, when few people take time for the formalities and graces that dignify and beautify social intercourse, we rejoice that a new biography, a reprint of his heretofore uncollected essays, and another edition of "Marius the Epicurean," turn our attention once more to Walter Pater. He appears like a courteous gentleman of the old school. Coarseness and slanginess did not seem to him necessary concomitants of virility. He is not a mere stylist: most of the critical judgments in his works on "The Renaissance" and "Plato and Platonism" are sound, and the scholarship evinced in "Marius the Epicurean" is genuine and broad; yet nothing of haste or shoddiness mars his thought or its expression. That he lived "unspotted from the world," his life, his love of truth and beauty, and his personal charm, all indicate.

We know Pater, not from outward life and position, but from his inward experiences, embodied in pages where thoughtful heroes — Marius, Gaston, Sabastian, Emerald Uthwart, and the rest — pace with stately mein. Still, it may be interesting to recall that, born in London in 1839, of Catholic parents, he was descended from Watteau's pupil Pater, — for, as one stands before the small pictures of Pater, the eighteenth-century French artist in the collection *La Caze* in the Louvre to-day, he sees the origin of some of the English critic's love of delicate colors and restful charm. When twenty-two years old, Pater was graduated from Queen's College, Oxford, and placed by the examiners in the second class, where Matthew Arnold's name stood eighteen years before. After becoming Fellow of Brasenose in 1865, he never severed his connection with that college, being always a lecturer, and eventually dean. But even if the setting of his life plays little part in our knowledge of him, we are glad to hear from Mr. Gosse and Mr. Sharpe that he was a pale-faced, thick-set man, walking heavily, almost as if lame, fond of young people as well as of golden light, — though we almost knew beforehand that his rooms, furnished in blue, were characterized by "delicate austerity," and feel as though we had already seen the Wedgewood vase full of flowers standing against the soft yellow wall-paper, the two bronze ornaments of fine Italian workmanship, and the Lucca della Robbia Madonna on his walls. Nor are we surprised that the creator of the sensitive Marius did not enjoy walking under an overhanging rock, that snakes disturbed his calm, that the fragrance of white jonquil and syringa almost gave him pain, while meadow-sweet brought a sudden "fugitive sense of distant pastures and twilight eves and remote scattered hamlets."

Yet, well as we know this quiet Oxford writer, we are almost at a loss with whom to compare him.

In English letters, his eight volumes of criticism and imaginary portraits stand alone, suggesting neither predecessor nor contemporary. Still, it may not be too strained to discover resemblances between his spirit and that of the fifteenth century Florentine painter, Sandro Botticelli. Perhaps in comparing the two we must eliminate from Botticelli something of his quaintness. Yet, as Bacon says, "There is no excellent art that hath not some strangeness in the proportion," and our sense of meeting an old-fashioned gentleman, when we see Pater, may be a lesser degree of the feeling with which we survey the figured gowns and oddly imagined flowers in Botticelli's pictures. Naturally, they share those primal attributes, the final test of an artist's genuineness, — reverence for truth, and supreme care for beauty as its only complete expression; attributes so mixed that each was both philosopher, grasping firmly fundamental principles, and artist, infinitely interested in details of form. Botticelli writes a commentary on the Divine Comedy, yet rarely fails to wreathe the roses or coil the silken scarfs about his angels' heads. And Pater, interpreter of Plato, so demands beautiful words that his caricature is the heartless Mr. Rose, cold devotee of art for art's sake, walking through the pages of Mallock's "New Republic." So united in both men is the love of ideas and a sense of concrete images, that each is kin to Pater's contemplative Marius, to whom, with all his abstract speculation, the word "home" must always have presented a pale red-and-yellow marble house, "with two centuries of sea-wind in the velvet of the mosses, along its inaccessible ledges," where the small glazed windows framed "the pallid crags of Carrara like wildly twisted snow-drifts above the purple heaths." Moreover, because of their devotion to truth and beauty, both take unusual pains in their task of pressing thought and feeling into form, — as a result of which carefulness, the work exhibits singular freedom from exaggeration, a kind of disciplined restraint. That this seeming passivity expresses reserve power and not weakness, Botticelli's "Calumny," — so full of vehement impetuosity that even the statues in their niches join the action, — and the strong human tragedy of Emerald Uthwart, testify.

However, not simply the common property of artists, but more special individual traits, do Pater and Botticelli hold in common. Like his hero Marius, Pater's "first boyish sense of priesthood, the sense of dedication," survived, and so strengthened that at the time of his death he contemplated taking orders; and we read that Botticelli, turning from his painting, became a follower of Savonarola, although the stern Monk of San Marco doubtless thought the artist's Venus only fit for burning on the Pile of Vanities. The world of neither reveals the child's certain God, at hand to ward off evil giants in the dark.

But if theirs is the maturer insight that knows the difference between faith and knowledge, they respond no less fully to the divine suggestiveness of common things, — the faint shadows of pigeons against a white wall, moving heads of golden grain beneath the wind, the curve of the green wave before it breaks. For each, too, the world had lost something of its careless, primitive blitheness. As a rule, the Greeks emphasized the type, and rested happy in their sense of Nature's stability. Did not the Homeric sea forever wash the bases of mountains, the purple clusters and green olives return each year? and were not the soft cream Doric columns prominent against the sky's deep blue, friendly to the laws of Zeus, and to be depended upon as Mother Demeter herself? Not permanent types, but changing individuals, compose the world of Pater and Botticelli; men and women wounded, like Amfortas with the Saviour's spear, from which they blindly shrink. The fleetingness of life, its wistful vistas and sad mysteries, are a large part of their conception; and whether it be the "certain fresh way" the leaves of Florian's poplar have of "dealing with the wind, making it sound in never so slight a stirring of the air like running water," or Marius's "upright stone, still with mouldering garlands about it," marking the heaven-touched spot where the lightning had struck dead the ancient laborer, whether it be the limpness of the Madonna's hold upon her baby, or the drooping head of the Spring Goddess, their lovely images usually border the fountains of tears.

Born of their conception of individuals, in ever-changing relations, a sensitiveness to the compromises that knit the universe together distinguishes both men. Botticelli, as Pater himself suggests, is interested neither in Paradise nor Inferno, but in the great middle-world between the two. All of his angels have a human look. On every page of Pater lie subtle distinctions, the blending shades always spanning the spaces between black and white. It is the modern relative spirit. No tinge of the coldness of the partisan toward all but the favorite truth lingers in him, none of the bitterness of the cynic, no trace of the metallic imperviousness of the dogmatist to whatever contradicts his theory. Whether we read his delineation of Gaston de Latour, perceptibly incorporating the form and color of the Chartres Cathedral; or of Watteau, the court painter, cherishing his lovely dreams amid sordid actualities; whether he tells us that we come to Michael Angelo's figures in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo, "for solemnity, for dignity of impression perhaps, but not for consolation," or defines the qualities of style as mind and soul, "reasonable structure" and "color and mystic perfume," we feel his to be the "intellectual finesse" and "tender and delicate justice in the criticism of human life" of which he writes.

Indeed, Pater and Botticelli always possess to a large degree that of which they treat. That is, both men illustrate Maeterlinck's saying, "nothing befalls us that is not of the nature of ourselves." The subjectivity of Botticelli's ideal of beauty makes his Madonna and his Venus twin sisters. And in spite

of Pater's singular catholicity of sympathy, furnishing him insight into lives dissimilar as Winkelman's and Wordsworth's, Plato's and Lucca della Robbia's, he usually detects in his object certain qualities of feeling his own soul knows: in Charles Lamb, a disinterested practice of literature, treatment of prose style as an art, and criticism as appreciation; in Rossetti, a "sustained impressibility toward the mysterious conditions of man's everyday life," giving "a singular gravity to all his work"; in Raphael, a power of painstaking and joining of the philosopher's mind to the artist's hand. In his "Imaginary Portraits" this subjectivity is even more conscious. Pater is our comrade, whatever the time or place, — whether we enter with Marius the presence of Marcus Aurelius, skate with Sabastian Van Stork in an Ostade landscape, or, enclosed by bare white walls, dream with Emerald Uthwart of the rose perfumes of his mother's garden.

But Pater and Botticelli resemble one another not merely in their union of philosophic and artistic susceptibilities, in their sense of the shadow of change upon men's faces, in their belief in the relativity of truth, and in their subjective temperament; nor is it these characteristics chiefly that endear them to the hearts of their lovers. There is also that ever undefined quality which we call "charm," for they both belong to that group of artists who, as Pater says, "have a distinct faculty of their own by which they convey to us a peculiar quality of pleasure." In each we find a "profound expressiveness," that "seal" upon his work "of what is most inward and peculiar in his moods and manner of apprehension." This charm, this personality, sounding gently through the mask of form, lives in the lines of Botticelli's angels' feet, his fluted shells and spiral candles, the curved limbs of his Graces beneath their diaphanous draperies, the leafy decorations of his Pallas. And hardly less is it visible in the turns of Pater's sinuous sentences, his favorite images, his delight in participles and words in "ness," touching with strangeness and wistfulness, loveliness and expressiveness, his style, marking it ever with the "intimate impress of an indwelling soul."

Nevertheless, for all his charm, Pater's genuine audience never will be large. He has neither exhorted men to act, nor chosen themes of universal interest. The very delicacy of his discernment and the exquisite nicety of his expression involve a want of incisiveness in his style, so that his thoughts slide smoothly over inattentive, weary, or unsympathetic readers, leaving little mark. In addition to this deficiency of emphasis, his style lacks that most popular literary excellence, — the chief nerve of epic, novel, and drama, — motion. It is the smooth-surfaced lake reflecting perfectly calm trees, shining reeds, and cloud-crossed sky, not the on-rushing stream sweeping all before it; and so dull and restless is the human mind that placidity, however beautiful, soon wearies most men. Yet such is the law of compensation, that to some writers, of genius neither the greatest nor the most popular, is meeded by their comparatively few intimates a share of love inordinately large. So, although Pater's are neither the unmeasured heights of the Shakespeares and Miltons, nor the foot-hills of the Macaulays and Longfellows peopled with crowds, perhaps a few, untempted by the loftiest peaks, and shunning the swarming lesser ridges, always may be found on his unassuming summit, calmed by the charming vistas of his broad and quiet view.

MARY ELEANOR BARROWS.

COMMUNICATION.

BRYANT'S INDEX EXPURGATORIUS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The list of forbidden words and phrases prepared by William Cullen Bryant for the guidance of his subordinates on the New York Evening Post has often been reprinted as law and gospel for those that would speak and write correctly. A few items have been dropped, having passed into good usage since Bryant's time. I wish to draw my pen through a few more, hoping others will follow my example, until the cancellation becomes too broad and black to be erased.

First, the prepositions "over" and "above" are forbidden in the sense of "more than." I may, it appears, call myself under ninety, but not over eighty; I may count from one up to one hundred; I may speak of the higher numbers and the lower numbers; but I must not, so far as the interdicted prepositions are concerned, conceive of my numeration as ascending. I rebel. The usage is convenient and time-saving. In case of any possible ambiguity, I will cheerfully use the circumlocution "more than"; but where no such misunderstanding is possible I choose the shorter form. The Germans have adopted an exactly analagous usage without fear and without reproach. Furthermore, see I. Cor. xv. 6. "He was seen of above five hundred brethren."

More briefly, I wish to defend the use of "reliable." Its formation is illogical, it is true; but so is that of some words similarly formed and now in good and regular standing, as laughable, indispensable, unaccountable, available, objectionable, perishable, marriageable. The purist must yield here to the claims of convenience and custom. Again, why such an outcry against the word "deceased"? Used both participially and substantively, it fills a gap. Shakespeare did not scruple to write, "this gentleman . . . deceased as he was born." Another forbidden word is "standpoint." But we now have good authority for its use. If our Teutonic cousins may regard a thing from their *standpunct*, why may not we from ours? "Endorse," in the sense of "approve" is also on the list. Is it because of its too vivid suggestions of commerce and bill-brokerage? Yet all terms, however abstract, had once their concrete meaning. Moreover, we find the word in this derived sense as far back as Sir Thomas More. "Day before yesterday" is put under the ban. We are told to say "the day before yesterday." This is finical. The article was made for man, not man for the article.

Finally, Mr. Editor, with all due respect for the deceased, I hope over ten thousand of your readers will endorse my opinion and adopt my standpoint in regarding Bryant's strictures as no longer wholly reliable.

Q. R. S.

Malden, Mass., February 20, 1904.

The New Books.

ARMSTRONG AND THE HAMPTON SCHOOL.*

The race question, like poverty, we have always with us; but never has so much and so intelligent thought been given to it as now. Dealing historically and practically with our negro problem, and more briefly with the Indian question, Mrs. Talbot's life of her father, General Armstrong, is instructive as well as interesting. From Armstrong himself, and later from his distinguished pupil at Tuskegee, we have learned the only hopeful method of dealing with our inferior races; and this book emphasizes and illustrates the doctrines held by these men. But, turning a little aside from such weighty matters, let us direct our attention more especially to the inspiring personality of the founder of the Hampton school. The tardy appearance of his biography, eleven years after his death, is probably owing to his express request that no life of him should be written. Yet the author thinks now, in view of the good influence such a book cannot fail to exert, that he would not raise unreasonable objections to its publication.

Samuel Chapman Armstrong was fortunate in his parentage and in the scene of his birth. His father was of Scotch-Irish extraction, his mother a Massachusetts woman, and he was born on the island of Maui, Hawaiian Islands, where his father was settled as a missionary. The fine climate and noble scenery of that beautiful archipelago, together with the best of home influences, were favorable to healthy physical, mental, and moral development; and when the young man made his way to Williams College and the lecture room of Mark Hopkins, he was well equipped for the position of leadership he so easily and naturally assumed. Genius, as Mr. Barrie has defined it, is the power to be a boy again at will. Armstrong never outgrew or wished to outgrow the boy that was in him, and it was the rollicking effervescence of youthful spirits that carried him triumphantly over obstacles which others called insurmountable. But before coming to these a few words of his descriptive of Hawaiian life must be given. He was one of eight children, the family resources were small, and he early learned the meaning of hard work. At school — the Royal School at Punahou — Kalakaua and Liliuokalani, afterward king and queen, were among his playmates. Here is his description of the Kawaiahao church, where his father preached to 2500 people who swarmed to hear him from miles around.

"Outside it was like an encampment; inside it was a sea of dusky faces. On one side was the King's pew, with scarlet hangings; the royal family always distinguishing themselves by coming in very late, with the loudest of squeaking shoes. The more the shoes squeaked the better was the wearer pleased, and often a man, after walking noisily in, would sit down and pass his shoes through the window for his wife to wear in, thus doubling the family glory. Non-musical shoes were hardly salable."

So well did the youth profit by such schooling as was available that he was able at twenty-one to enter the junior class (the class of 1862) at Williams. For to this college, the birthplace of the foreign mission movement, his father naturally sent him. After a few months of dormitory experience in old East College, he was invited to share a room with the president's son Archibald. This admission to Dr. Hopkins's family circle was of advantage to the young man in more ways than one. Enjoying the best of social influences, he kept clear of secret societies, relying on his own unaided merits for making friends. "When one joins a secret society," he writes in one of his letters home, "all in it are his sworn friends, right or wrong; this is childish." It was the influence and teaching of Dr. Hopkins, the recognized leader in his department of instruction, that young Armstrong valued most in his college course. Years afterward we find him teaching mental and moral philosophy to his dark-skinned pupils at Hampton, and using his old teacher's "Outline Study of Man" for a text-book.

As soon as he was out of college, in the summer of 1862, he joined the army as a volunteer, raising a company at Troy for Colonel Willard's regiment, the 125th New York. Being, however, an alien by birth, he did not heartily espouse the Union cause until the Emancipation Proclamation brought home to him what he was really fighting for. But even as an abolitionist he was at first rather lukewarm. As he expressed it at the time,—

"I am a sort of abolitionist, but I hav n't learned to love the Negro. I believe in universal freedom, I believe the whole world cannot buy a single soul. The Almighty has set, or rather limited, the price of one man, and until worlds can be paid for a single Negro I do n't believe in selling or buying them. I go in, then, for freeing them more on account of their souls than

*SAMUEL CHAPMAN ARMSTRONG. A Biographical Study. By Edith Armstrong Talbot. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

their bodies, I assure you. . . . The Union is to me little or nothing. I see no great principle necessarily involved in it. I see only the 4,000,000 slaves, and for and with them I fight."

It was not until he became lieutenant-colonel, and afterward colonel, of a colored regiment, that he thoroughly warmed to his work, though from the first he was conspicuous for his bravery, his command of his men, and his bold initiative. Gettysburg was the only great battle he had the good fortune to take part in, and here he rendered brilliant service at a most critical moment. But the war ended before he had found the opportunity he longed for to prove beyond question the valor and effectiveness of negro soldiers. With the title of brevet brigadier-general, Armstrong retired to private life at the age of twenty-seven.

But he was not long to remain in idleness. Seeking work in the newly-established Freedmen's Bureau, he was appointed agent for ten counties in Virginia and school superintendent of a large and loosely defined area. The educational needs of the negro soon engrossed his attention, and, with the support and encouragement of the American Missionary Association in the spring of 1868, he started his school at Hampton, the first vigorous and successful attempt at industrial training in the country. This, too, was in the face of the discouraging results attained at Oberlin in combining agriculture with book-learning. The story of the long fight for success at Hampton, the repeated begging excursions to the north and west, the concert tours of negro students to "sing up" some needed school building, the reception of a squad of Indian pupils in 1878, and the masterly methods employed for making the redskins learn industry from their African associates, — all this must be got from the book itself. At intervals we catch a characteristic glimpse of the man Armstrong in his most pleasingly human aspect. He had early been led to look forward to the ministry as his destined calling, but something in him protested against pulpit-pounding for a life-work. It was peculiarly distasteful to him to pray in public. A scrap here and there from his letters reveals his state of mind. In 1865 he writes:

"When a meeting-house burns up I care very little; under the trees it is better — under the evening sky as the sun goes down in glory (as we worship) is the grandest time and place for it. I am terribly down on two sermons every Sunday. The drawing-out process is the best and truest. Set the people to work and the ministers to chewing tobacco if necessary to make them like other men, not still and mannerish, but open, free, hearty and happy. A good hearty, healthy laugh is as bad for the devil as some of the long nasal prayers I have heard — yes, worse. There is religion in music, in the opera. . . . Ministers say the opera is bad; I find religion there. They say to walk or ride out on Sunday is wicked. My bethel is by the seashore; there the natural language of my heart is prayer. So of the mountains."

Strictly orthodox himself in the essentials of creed, and insisting that his school should be known as unswervingly orthodox, he yet was broad-minded enough to see that no church has a monopoly of truth. The American Missionary Association was troubled with scruples about receiving aid for the Hampton school from unorthodox sources. But Armstrong let no such considerations disturb him; and, as a matter of fact, a large part of his revenue for many years came from philanthropic Unitarians. "When it comes to the scratch," he declares in his outspoken way, "I believe in the prayers of the unorthodox — why are they not as effectual as any?" In truth he was forced to neglect no possible means of raising money in his life-and-death struggle for pecuniary support. This was of course a ruinously expensive method of carrying on his work; it so sapped his vitality that he died when he should have been in the prime of life, at the age of fifty-four. Listen to his own account of the way he "drove things," under highest pressure, as long as strength was left him:

"It is hard — this begging; it takes all one's nervous and physical strength, even when people are kind and polite, as they generally are. It is never and never can be easy, and I have always to use all my strength, fire every gun in order to bring to the hurried, worried business men that powerful influence that alone can secure money in a place like Boston, where for every dollar that even the richest are able to give there are ten chances to put it to good use and twenty demands for it from one source or another. It is amazing how hard is the pressure of appeal and yet how polite and good-natured most people are, how patiently they listen and how many give up their last spare dollar not needed for personal comfort. Boston has been educated to giving and gives splendidly. But thousands are turned away — few succeed, many fail who try for money, just as in the business world. In all this howling appeal and fearful competition of charities I have been making the best fight I could."

It is worthy of note that he found hard times to have little effect on men when appeal was made for charity. In seasons of prosperity their hearts were hardened rather than moved to benevolence. The pinch of poverty seemed necessary to generate sympathy for others' needs. Among the cheering notes of the book is the expressed conviction of this educator of

negroes that the granting of suffrage to the colored man has not been a mistake. Had we first waited for the negro's education and elevation, we should have waited indefinitely; the Southern whites would have blocked his way to the schoolhouse. The consciousness of being entitled to vote is a stimulus to the voter to make himself worthy of his citizenship.

Dwelling a moment on the man as seen by his friends, let us take a look at General Armstrong through the eyes of one at whose hearth he felt most at home.

"He talked little of his work unless asked directly about it. He caught up any topic that was touched upon and tossed the ball of conversation most nimbly to and fro. A delightful gaiety is my most general recollection. There were serious moments when he rose to very great heights of simplicity and insight. . . . One felt the whole striving of the man toward a goal he revered. But geniality, wit, humanity, all these showed in his speech, and when he came in it was always as if a wind of strength and healing blew. I never saw him discouraged or downcast, even when things seemed very doubtful. I remember his telling me once about a college mate he had just seen who had grown suddenly very rich, and spreading his hands, he said, 'These are all there is between my little girls and the world,' and then he threw back his head and gave a most boyish laugh. 'And that's the way I like it!' He was often brilliant, always delightful, even when we knew he was tired and suffering. . . . He told delightful stories to my children, and no one ever went away from him without strength and fresh hope."

Bravely he lived and bravely died, sticking to his post of duty to the last. He was buried at his own request "in the school graveyard, among the students, where one of them would have been put had he died next." His portraits — ten of them are in this book — are especially interesting as showing how truly in his case the child was father of the man. Of him, if of anyone, it can aptly be said that his days were "bound each to each by natural piety."

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

AN EPIC OF QUEEN BESS.*

Ruskin in his old age seriously complained that if he had not wasted his time on art he might have been the first geologist of Europe. Probably he was right. Geikie in his great work on Geology quotes passage after passage from the "Modern Painters." The part of that work which is the surest to live is the part devoted to the laws of growth and structure in earth and its belongings. The art critic is at his best when he recognizes and reveals nature's artistry in her foreground pictures of grass and flower and tree, in her architectures of mountain, in her floating poems of cloud. Yet Ruskin's very great and minute knowledge of what would ordinarily be classed as scientific facts did not impede or imperil his poetic sense. Rather it was fuel that fed his fire of creative criticism.

One of the first of American geologists has now come forward with a theory and a proof that the scientific instinct and training are not opposed to poetic feeling and power — that they are rather allied and spring from one root. In a modest and ingenuous preface to his immense dramatic romance, "Elizabeth of England," Mr. N. S. Shaler states that he began the work as an experiment to see how far he had retained his early feeling for literature after many years of absorption in science. He regrets that science should make its votaries indifferent to the higher forms of literature, and denies the necessity for it. He goes further, and claims that the scientific and the poetic mind work with the same materials and largely with the same methods. And in testimony thereof he lays before us his five-volumed poem.

This is well! This is very well! The loss which poetry has sustained in modern times has not been the loss of the world — its hold upon that was always precarious; it has been the loss of the great minds of the age, so many of whom have withdrawn into science and have treated the claims of literature with bitter skepticism. If poetry can win them back it will win the world readily enough. Poets have always been willing to claim all knowledge for their share. Plato, the most poetical of philosophers, placed over his school the inscription that only through mathematics could anyone enter there. Dante knew the whole science of his age as did Goethe of his. The antagonism has been on the side of the men of science. Their supposed facts, their supposed laws, their supposed exact knowledge have made them deaf and blind to the music and the picture which body forth the real meanings of the world. Just at present, when many of their suppositions are beginning to crumble beneath them, literature, which builds more truthfully and permanently than science, may have a chance to come into its own.

So much for the thesis of faith which Mr. Shaler has nailed to the door of his huge cathedral of verse. Important as this declaration is, it must not detain us, for we have the poem

* ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND. A Dramatic Romance. By N. S. Shaler. In five volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

itself to deal with, and that can hardly be done in a brief critical article. We may say at once that it seems to us one of the largest and noblest works in pure literature which has appeared in many a day.

Throwing historic accuracy aside, Mr. Shaler has recreated and interpreted a great historic epoch. He treats history as the best of the romance writers, Scott and Dumas, have done. But as far as his main figure and motive are concerned he is more delicate in insight, more profound in conception than they, — and his instrument of expression, his ringing, manly verse, yields him effects which stir the blood and rouse the emotions of the reader beyond anything that prose can do.

The central idea of Mr. Shaler's whole work is Elizabeth's devotion to England. In the first play she betroths herself to her people, takes as a lover and a spouse the realm she is to rule. In the latter plays she is shown brooding like a mother over her subjects — nobles, knights, and common men. Nothing is allowed to interfere with her task in shaping their destinies. Courtiers, counsellors, lovers come to her and she tests them all, and rewards or sends them to the Tower or the block, — solely as they show their ability and willingness to aid her in making England great. Elizabeth and England — these are the two personages of this epic drama. The many figures who fill in the scenes and who are drawn in many differing planes of reality and unreality, are merely the go-betweens, abettors or opponents of that mighty passion.

It is obvious that Mr. Shaler is one of those poets who work from within outwards, whose poems are moulded by the idea — not allowed to spring up from the life of the world. He is a Schiller rather than a Goethe. A slight comparison of his Elizabeth with the Queen Bess of Sir Walter Scott will suffice to show this. Scott's Elizabeth is a daylight Elizabeth, the stout-hearted but very worldly-minded daughter of Bluff King Hal. Mr. Shaler's Queen is an Elizabeth of the dark and the depths. She is always keyed to tragic intensity of purpose, or hovering on the verge of hysterical breakdown. She is never vulgar and never scandalous. The crimes she commits are for the good of England, and she pays for them with an agony of remorse which the real Queen would have scoffed at. She is a morbid Elizabeth, an Elizabeth with nerves, who ought to go under treatment to a modern specialist. Mr. Shaler represents her always at concert pitch of emotion, always as planning by herself or with Cecil to save or shape England. May we be forgiven the comparison, but as scene after scene, play after play unfolds the same situation, England in danger and Elizabeth to the rescue, we are a little reminded of Mr. Micawber and his wife rushing into each other's arms and swearing eternal fidelity. The masters are not thus monotonous. Achilles is not always shouting in the trench. He takes his ease in his tent with his friends and his female captives, and consumes huge shins of beef at banquet with the other chiefs. Hamlet is not always brooding on the infinite. He talks to the players, chaffs Polonius, and wooes Ophelia. Mr. Shaler seems to have been conscious of the want of relief, which, in his first four plays makes for us such a gloomy picture of Merry England, and in the final drama of the series he tries to set this to rights by bringing before us a long succession of pastoral pictures of the realm that Elizabeth has saved. The intention at least is admirable, but the tragic note returns and the scene closes with Elizabeth the Woman going down in utter wreck, destroyed by Elizabeth the Queen.

Granting Mr. Shaler's right to use his materials as he pleases, there can be no questioning the artistic effect of his picture of the epoch or the power in his presentation of its central figure. On the first reading, his book is compelling, almost overwhelming. He sweeps us along much as he wills. His own sympathy with nobleness is so great that again and again he brings us to tears by his presentation of utter loftiness of purpose or utter heroism of act. It is only when we begin to reflect and criticize that we feel the lack of flesh and blood in his creations.

The form in which Mr. Shaler has cast his work raises the old question of the legitimacy of the epic drama as a form of art. As Matthew Arnold pointed out, the categories of art forms which the Greeks left us — epic, tragedy, comedy, lyric, and the like — cannot easily be bettered. To mix two of them is to produce a bastard form which will probably be weaker than either of the originals. Mr. Shaler's dramas are hardly plays, the whole work is hardly an epic, and the mixture results in weakness in the scenic arrangement and the characters themselves. Take the figure of Essex in the fourth play of the series. It is splendidly conceived, but it is not realized in either an epic or dramatic way. He is described infinitely, everybody talks about him,

he talks about himself, but he is not set on his legs to do anything, at least until the very last. Or take the scenes where the Queen views from the ramparts of Dover Castle the destruction of the Armada. It is a fine epic situation, finer than Helen's view of the hosts from the walls of Troy. But Homer soon sends his heroine away and plunges into the real business of the poem, the hand-to-hand fighting. There is nothing but reflex action in Mr. Shaler's piece. The light of the burning Spanish ships is reflected on Elizabeth's face, and the heroism of her fleets and of Galt, in whom is, for the moment, embodied the might of England, are merely described to her by messengers. However, the question whether all this is not right enough and good enough, whether the epic drama has not won its place as a new art *genre*, is still open. Mr. Shaler has plenty of modern precedents — the works of Charles Wells, Sir Henry Taylor, Mr. Swinburne, and others.

Mr. Shaler's first piece, "The Coronation," comes nearer to being a true play than any of the others. It has a central motive, fantastic indeed, but beautiful, to which everything else is related, and it has a scenic arrangement which is in some measure theatrical. The early scene where Elizabeth, bidden to Mary's festivity, appears before her robed in black and uttering Cassandra cries of woe, shows the touch of the born dramatist. The scene with Wyatt and his followers is powerfully dramatic, as are the scenes in the Tower, though these last are too scattered. Elizabeth's flight or passage to Woodstock with Beddingfield and his knights, while Robin of the wildwood with his yeoman march unseen around her to ward off hostile strokes, is vividly portrayed. The shadowy creation of Robin, who is simply England's love incarnate, is Mr. Shaler's triumph as an allegorizing poet.

The second play, "The Rival Queens," has also a motive highly poetic if not theatrically effective. The gloomy, silent tower in the North where Mary of Scotland is imprisoned stands out threateningly against Elizabeth's busy, bustling court. But the contrast is hardly carried out dramatically, there is no collision of the Queens as in Schiller's great piece for the theatre, and the play falls apart at the close. There is one figure in this play, Petrie, the odd, loyal traitor, who is the most human and the best dramatically realized character in the whole work. He is new in kind and he does something.

In "Armada Days" all pretense indeed of a drama is cast aside. It is a great sweeping ode of England's might. As far as we know, the passion, the exaltation, the greatness of those days has nowhere else found such utterance. England owes Mr. Shaler a debt for summing up the splendor of that, its greatest day, as no historian or poet has done before.

In "The Death of Essex," Mr. Shaler has a really dramatic theme, but his curious fault of painting mainly by reflex action, of keeping his principals apart and letting intermediaries do the work they should be at themselves, destroys it as a play. It is a noble poem, however, and the conflicting emotions of Elizabeth as woman and Queen are depicted with consummate skill.

The last play, "The Passing of the Queen," is little more than a series of pictures of England in its glory and of Elizabeth in her discontented old age. Like Shakespeare in the final scenes of "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Tempest," Mr. Shaler has tried to present us with a vision of peace and beauty to calm our spirits after the storm and stress of the previous action. We wish we could say that he succeeds; but his pastoral scenes are far less effective than his heroic ones. Never for a moment, with all his elaborated pictures of manor house and cottage, of wood and meadow and hill, does he recall the charm that resides in the moon-glimpsed gardens of Belmont or Prospero's airy pageant in the enchanted isle.

There must be fifteen thousand lines of blank verse in Mr. Shaler's work, certainly a gigantic experiment. It is more than that, — it is an achievement. The blank verse is really individual. It does not recall any modern master at all. Mr. Shaler, in his preface, says he has been told that it is in the manner of the Elizabethans, but he does not know why. It is easy to tell him. It is so crowded with metaphors, so compact of similes, that it can recall nothing else but the rank growths of Elizabethan dramatic verse. Open at random and the style stares us in the face.

> "And now they tramp
> Over this realm they hold with sheathèd blades
> And make our fields to wonder how they lack
> Our bones within their earth."

That is concentrated. In many of the quieter scenes the actors seem to be handing each other bouquets of posies of speech, tied up with pink ribbons. Yet Mr. Shaler's verse is hardly the verse of the great artificers. It lacks their

sonority, their variety of cadence, most of all it lacks their sensuousness. It is not sensuous at all. We cannot indeed think of a single page in the five volumes which has the carven form, the blazing or sober color, habitual with the great users of English blank verse. Mr. Shaler's instrument is at its best in passages of emotion, good in a lower way in passages of thought, and not good at all in passages of description. As he lacks, in the main, the faculty of scenic composition, so he lacks the gift of felicitous sensuous phrase. He strikes out fine lines again and again. "How hard to rule," says Elizabeth,

"Men who are born with scepters in their hearts."

But that is intellectualized. In his last play Mr. Shaler brings Shakespeare into the business, and for scene after scene he walks beside Elizabeth and discourses with her on the large subjects of life and death. We cannot say that Shakespeare's moralities and philosophy, which the Queen accepts as oracles, strike us as being very profound; and there are few passages which would seem fitting utterances of Shakespeare's golden mouth. Here is perhaps the speech that comes nearest to it. Elizabeth has practically asked Shakespeare to record her life, and he answers:

"My Queen, were you our hearer, that we 'd do,
And count all time and men our audience
For perfect understanding of the part.
But they who wait us cannot see the play
That lives in splendor by them, for they feel
The soul that is beside them like their own,—
Fouled with the fellow earth they know too well;
So we must seek the shadow land to find
Brave empured names of other time and realm
To bear the garb we fashion from the web
Our common lives here weave. *Ay, the far orbs*
Are as the earth, mere clods; yet they are stars
For they are far: but had we dwelt on them,
Trod in their mire and bitten of their dust
We should not see their glory."

Mr. Shaler has indeed made good the argument of his preface. The scientist who can do such work as "Elizabeth of England" may confidently claim his place among the first poetic artists of his clime and time.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

UNDER the general title of "The Belles Lettres Series," Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co. announce an extensive series of reprints, covering nearly the whole field of English literature. The characteristic note of the series is "literature for literature's sake." The list of editors announced includes some of the most eminent scholars and *litterateurs* in this country and abroad. Several volumes will be published immediately. The books will be attractively bound, and sold at a very low price.

MAN AS THE CENTRE OF THE UNIVERSE.*

Nearly a year ago there appeared in the "Fortnightly Review" an article on "Man's Place in the Universe," from the pen of Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, whose name is a household word among men of science the world over. The views set forth in this essay were so divergent from those usually advocated by writers on the plurality of worlds, that much discussion was aroused. Some astronomers, in particular, attacked the soundness of Dr. Wallace's ideas with considerable vigor. But he was in nowise disheartened, and determined to explain his theories in greater detail.

Thus was born a substantial book bearing the title of the original article, and following the same general course of thought. Most writers on the plurality of habitable worlds have given free rein to the imagination, and have peopled the star depths with intelligent beings, many of whom may be vastly superior to mankind in mental power. They are not even content to leave the other bodies in our solar system tenantless. The remaining planets, especially Mars, have been made to support sentient life, and the sun itself has been supposed to shelter inhabitants who were more or less content beneath its shining surface, being protected from the intense heat by a heavy layer of black cloud. With imaginings of this sort Dr. Wallace has no sympathy. His field of inquiry is restricted to a consideration of the evidence for or against the probable existence on other worlds of such organic life, especially human, as is found upon the earth. Such an inquiry at once leads into the field of astronomy. So rapid has been the march of this science during the past few years, especially with reference to our knowledge of the sidereal universe, that Dr. Wallace considers it best to explain at length the processes employed by astronomers in this particular branch of research, and the substantial results won by their diligence. Therefore, after devoting a couple of chapters to a description of the main trend of thought pursued by former writers on the plurality of worlds, he discusses such topics as the distance and distribution of the stars, and their evolution, in the light of the "New Astronomy." To this discussion one-third of the book is devoted. The author's information

*MAN'S PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE. A Study of the Results of Scientific Research in Relation to the Unity or Plurality of Worlds. By Alfred R. Wallace, LL.D. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

is drawn from a wide range of the best astronomical authorities, and is substantially accurate and up-to-date. He frequently refers to the writings of Professor Simon Newcomb, who is regarded by many as the foremost living astronomer, and to those of Miss Agnes Clerke, whose explanations of the results won by modern astronomy are regarded by astronomers as complete, trustworthy, and altogether admirable.

Here and there Dr. Wallace makes remarks which show his lack of acquaintance with practical astronomy, but these little slips do not affect the general trend of his writing. For example, on p. 38 he gives numerical values of the mean errors of spectroscopic observations of the velocities of stars in the line of sight, not realizing that the accuracy of such work has vastly increased since the observations which he mentions were made. On p. 79 it is stated that the time taken by light to pass from the sun to the earth is eight minutes thirteen and one-third seconds. It is several seconds greater than this. On p. 106 we read that "violent commotions in the sun, indicated by the sudden appearance of faculæ, sun-spots, or prominences on the sun's limb, are always accompanied by magnetic disturbances on the earth"; this is not in accord with astronomical records. On p. 118 the ignition of meteors is attributed to "friction," instead of to the diminution of their energy by the pressure of the condensed air in front of them. On p. 128 one finds the astonishing statement that "of course all the variable stars are to be found among the spectroscopic binaries," an item of information which will be news to those astronomers who are busied with researches on variables.

But, as we have remarked, slips of this sort do not affect the author's main argument, which begins in the seventh chapter of his book. The conclusion toward which he works, and which he endeavors to render probable by a series of arguments which are drawn from the universe about us, and also from the physical, chemical, and biological conditions which now obtain on the earth, is "that man, the culmination of conscious organic life, has been developed here only in the whole vast material universe we see around us."

The foundation of the argument is as follows. The stellar universe is not infinite in extent, but limited. The Milky Way, which contains the vast majority of the stars, is a huge ring surrounding us. Its component stars are made up of the chemical elements which we find on the earth and in our sun, and these elements, together with the bodies which they form, are subject to the physical laws with which we are familiar. Near the centre of the Milky Way the sun, with its planetary family, is situated. This foundation, or series of premises, is derived by Dr. Wallace from the writings of prominent astronomers, and may be said to represent, in general, the opinions prevailing among those who have looked into the subject particularly. Upon this substructure the author, availing himself continually of the best current ideas in astronomy, geology, physiology, etc., erects his superstructure. The train of reasoning is cumulative, and the method of presentation rouses the reader's interest, and puts him in sympathy with the author's contentions. The mysteries of organic life, its close adjustment to its material terrestrial environment, the changes in air, water, extent and elevation of land surface, atmospheric dust, etc., which would seriously modify or destroy man's existence, are set forth in fascinating fashion. The other planets of our system are examined and pronounced unfit for habitation; the existence of planetary systems about other stars is discussed, and its improbability asserted.

The prevalent ideas of the evolution of man's body require that climatic conditions on the earth's surface shall have been substantially stable for ages past. Dr. Wallace claims that the sun has probably been near the centre of our universe for ages, and that this central position for a long period of time has been "specially favourable, perhaps absolutely essential, to life-development on the earth." But how shall we keep the sun near the centre of the universe, during millions of years, in the face of the fact that astronomers are well-nigh unanimous in asserting that it is moving approximately toward the star Vega? To this the author replies that it is wholly improbable that the sun moves in a straight line, when all celestial movements known to us are in curves, and that it is "far more probable that we are moving in an orbit of some kind around the centre of gravity of a vast cluster, as determined by the investigations of Kapteyn, Newcomb, and other astronomers; and, consequently, that the nearly central position we now occupy may be a permanent one." On this point it must be said that astronomers generally think that the evidence now at command does not indicate that there is a centre about which the sun revolves.

However, this evidence does not exclude such an hypothesis, and André in his recent and highly praised work on stellar astronomy shows that such a theory of revolution conforms to certain facts about the observed proper motions of stars, and even deduces — by making certain assumptions — a period of twenty-two million years for a single revolution.

But, after all, what shall we say of a speculation which suggests the startling thought that man is perchance the designed outcome and crown of the workings of a universe which is so extensive and magnificent that the human mind is smitten with awe in contemplating its vastness, complexity, and splendor? Is it possible that the Creator has employed means so stupendous for the development of a creature seemingly so insignificant as man? Let us remember that the apparent immensity of the circuit of the Milky Way is due to the shortness of the measuring rod which we apply to it, and that the shortness of the measuring rod is due to the fact that our physical forms are small and move slowly about the earth's surface, chained thereto by gravity. If we were to believe that the soul of man, when once it has laid aside "this muddy vesture of decay," can fly to Arcturus as quickly as it can now think itself there, how celestial distances which now appall us by their magnitude would shrink to hand-breadths! If we were to take the distance from the sun to some star in the Milky Way as a unit of measure, how moderate would its vast circumference appear! Perhaps we should be willing to say with Milton

> "that great
> Or bright infers not excellence; the earth,
> Though in comparison of Heaven so small,
> Nor glistering, may of solid good contain
> More plenty than the sun that barren shines,
> Whose virtue in itself works no effect,
> But in the fruitful earth; there first received
> His beams, unactive else, their vigor find."

Let our conceptions of the potency, the possible future magnificence, and the splendid powers of the human spirit become sufficiently exalted. Perchance we may reach some summit of thought where we shall be ready to declare that the Almighty is not limited by our feeble and inadequate conceptions; that He — with whom a thousand years are as "a watch in the night" — knows no bounds of time or space; that He is not parsimonious amid infinite resources; that He may have brought into being our wonderful universe, and have watched over and directed its development in order that it might become a school in which men, now in the feeble beginnings of a deathless life, might be trained for ends at present dimly perceived by them, but embraced in the all-sufficient phrase, "for the glory of God."

HERBERT A. HOWE.

SCULPTURE IN AMERICA.*

Sculpture is an austere muse — austere save when some rare genius discovers that artifice by which marble, or stone, is made suggestive of the *morbidezza* of painting. Art has been described as "the harmonic expression of human emotion"; of the plastic art one might have a *prima facie* right to say that it is the expression, through the emotions, of the character of the artist, it is the outcome of his idiosyncrasy, the expression of his manner of feeling in the presence of the visible world. Sculpture has its graces, but they are those of no other art; it seldom gives rise to any reverie; it awakens less than any other art the sentiment of the infinite, because it is never vague, obscure, indeterminate in its effects — everything is fixed with the last degree of precision. As a nation, we are a practical and a cynical people, and the sculptors that appeal to us — appeal to the mind, to the soul, and bear thither a thought, a sentiment, capable of touching or elevating it — are few.

In the comprehensive introduction to his "History of American Sculpture," Mr. Lorado Taft, himself a sculptor of no mean achievement, points out that if British painting was unimportant in England at the time when the American colonies were in process of making, it may be said that British sculpture did not exist at all, in consequence of which our ancestors here in America were without sculptural tradition.

"The Pilgrim Fathers were the elder brothers of those men who decapitated the cathedral statuary, who burned paintings and tabooed the drama. This world to them was a vale of tears, and art was a temptation to be strenuously resisted. . . . The Quakers who followed in Pennsylvania were hardly more favorable to the fine arts than their brothers in New England. . . . The early Dutch settlers of New Amsterdam came direct from the land where Rembrandt and Franz Hals were even then producing their masterpieces; but there was neither a Rembrandt or a Hals among them, nor by any possibility a sculptor, since the artistic expression of the Hollanders has always been pictorial rather than plastic. . . . It may be urged that the Virginia colonies

*THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN SCULPTURE. By Lorado Taft. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

AMERICAN MASTERS OF SCULPTURE. By Charles H. Caffin. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

were made up of different material; that the cavaliers who founded Jamestown were to some extent men of culture and luxury. To this fact may be attributed the earliest patronage of sculpture in America — the commissions given by Virginia to Houdon in 1781 and 1785 for representations of Lafayette and Washington; but beyond this we find no appreciable results, since native production in the South came even later than in the North. . . . So this broad land lay in the sun and waited — waited without knowing it for the day of art to appear."

Though any attempt at classification is admitted to be more or less arbitrary, the space of time covered in Mr. Taft's book is divided in a general way into three periods: the first, 1750 to 1850, bringing to notice "the faint foreshadowings of our coming achievements" — evidencing out of what unpromising material present conditions have been wrought and telling, at the same time, with practical succinctness, a story of struggles and successes of the deepest significance to American art; the second period, 1850 to 1876, was characterized by a few sturdy men who made the succeeding period possible; the third period, 1876 to 1903, signalizes, in reality, the birth of sculpture in America — a period in which the art for the first time reached the dignity of a national expression — "something neither Anglo-Saxon nor Italian nor French; but a fusing of all these elements into an art which is vital and significant — the true product of the country and the age which have given it birth."

The opening chapters are concerned with the early history of the glyptic art in the United States, the first worker of whom there is record being Mrs. Patience Wright, who attained a wide reputation for clever portraits in wax long before the Revolution. Then followed the wood-carving of William Rush and the unrelated efforts of Hezekiah Augur. With the opening years of the last century came the first Americans destined to make sculpture a profession,— Greenough in Boston, Crawford in New York, Powers in Cincinnati. "It is difficult to realize," says Mr. Taft, "that our actual achievement from the very kindergarten stage of an unknown art to the proud position held by American sculpture in the Paris Exposition of 1900 has been the work of three score years and ten — has been in its entirety by not a few men now living."

No previous work has ever covered the ground referred to as the first period so concisely as the present volume. The chapters on minor sculptors of the early days include many names hitherto omitted. A chapter devoted to the native element in early American sculpture deserves careful perusal; in it special stress is laid upon the work of Clark Mills, who first taught our forefathers the meaning of the words "equestrian statue."

As their own country afforded neither sculptural instruction nor examples, almost all American sculptors of the first half of the century were animated by a single desire — to get to Italy. American colonies existed at Rome and Florence, where the student adopted the Canova tradition of sweetened classicism and worked in an atmosphere tainted with artistic and political decadence. In his "American Masters of Sculpture," Mr. Charles H. Caffin contends that it is not surprising that much of the sculpture of this period, though considerably admired in its day, strikes us now as coldly and pedantically null, unconvincing, and grandiloquent, or, at best, innocuously sentimental. It was Emerson who said in the presence of these uninspired works, "the art of sculpture has long ago perished to any real effect." The succeeding phase of Italo-American art — "this universal prettiness, which seems to be the highest conception of the crowd of modern sculptors," as Hawthorne lamented, — gained for this cotorie the name of executants, not composers. Then followed a reaction against self-expatriation. Henry Kirke Brown, of whose work the equestrian statue of General Scott at Washington is a conspicuous example, studied in Italy, but with the conviction that American sculptors should occupy themselves with American subjects upon American soil. Goethe used to say that no man can discern the heart of a movement or of a work of art, who does not put himself into heart relations with that which he is trying to understand. Very few of that self-expatriated school of American sculptors escaped the leveling influence of Italy. The man who reads the Iliad and the Odyssey with his heart as well as his intelligence must measurably enter into the life which these poems describe and interpret; he must identify himself for the time with the race whose soul and historic character are revealed in epic form as in a great mirror; he must see life from the Greek point of view, and feel life as the Greek felt it. It is little wonder that the few Americans who accepted commissions for American subjects and chiselled these works in their foreign studios failed to achieve success.

It was at the Centennial Exhibition that this country first beheld the wonders of foreign art. Parisian-trained sculptors rose into a prominence which, within a short time, became

domination. With only a few exceptions all our sculptors of the present generation have acquired their training, either wholly or in part, in Paris. But our art is not now French as it was once Italian. With the advent of Saint-Gaudens there came a notable change in the spirit of American sculpture, — Paris merely vitalized the dormant tastes and energies of America. Mr. Caffin has this to say:

"France, ever since the middle ages, has never been without a succession of great sculptors. When the Gothic spirit had spent itself, that of the *late* Italian Renaissance was imported; and the art, continually adjusting itself to the changing conditions of national life, has been held in uninterrupted honour to the present time. It is in this branch of the fine arts that the French genius has found its most individual expression. Corresponding with the maintenance of fine traditions is the excellence of the system of teaching. The Institute and the Ecole des Beaux Arts perpetuate a standard, characterized by technical perfection and elegance of style, while the tendency to academic narrowness is offset by the influence of independent sculptors; for there is not a thought wave in modern art that does not emanate from or finally reach Paris. It is the world's clearing-house of artistic currency."

Mr. Taft's reasoning, along these same lines, on the subject of Franco-American training is interesting. He says:

"While the men of the new generation have acquired such mastery of the 'mechanics' of the profession as wins the praise of their foreign instructors, their language is not always understood at home. Our people have no intuitive grasp of its meaning. In spite of the oft-repeated assurance that we know what we like, we do not even know what we are saying when we say it. It is true that we recognize what we like, and that we like it well, for the time at least. On the other hand, we do not have a 'grand passion' for sculpture, taking it to heart like the modern French. Our feelings are not outraged by bad work, nor by transgressions of venerated laws of style, of balance, of movement, and of other sacred traditions. Likewise are we insensible, in large measure, to the charm of these fundamental virtues. Unless a work of sculpture shows something more, unless it makes a special appeal by its significance, its emotion, or its insistent beauty of face or form, we are as indifferent to it as though it were not; we do not, perhaps, even see it. We lose much, of course, but there is after all something rather fine in this sturdy independence. It may, indeed it must, result in an art of greater meaning and intensity than we have heretofore known. We say to the artist, as it were: 'Put in all the "composition," all the "technic" you please; we have nothing against them; but first of all give us something we can understand and sympathize with.' Hence it follows that the mere 'Beaux-Arts figure,' so closely allied with the *objet de Paris*, has already had its day with a considerable portion of our community. It has followed the Graces and the Cupids of our Italian age."

Mr. Caffin's volume and the closing portion of Mr. Taft's work are both descriptive of the last quarter of a century's history of our sculpture. Space will not permit us to draw comparisons of the critical treatment of contemporary artists by the two authors. Both concede that the position of Augustus Saint-Gaudens is one of preëminence — that no other sculptor of our time has so attuned the traditions of his art to the key of the modern spirit for the expression of grand conceptions. Among other sculptors treated in special chapters by both writers are Macmonnies, Ward, Bartlett, French, Adams, Brenner, Niehaus, and Barnard. In conclusion Mr. Taft argues that in this bewildering period of American history, elements new, varied, and contradictory are pouring into the national crucible; doubtless the solvent will be adequate to reduce all these to a condition of homogeneity, but no man can say just what the ultimate product will be.

Mr. Caffin has written with notable clearness of the great American figures in this art. The distinguishing feature of his book is that it is a critical review, constantly illuminating facts by principles. The earnest and animated style in which it is written grows out of the subject and is supported by it, always rising naturally to the requirements of the occasion.

That Mr. Taft clears away a great deal of dead wood from the obscure records of early American sculpture is a thing to be thankful for. Of the value of his book as a history for general reference, it would be hard to say too much. It is true that probably no one person will agree with all his statements, but, on the other hand, there are few who will not approve of the general tendency of his remarks. That he should now and then arouse contradiction is not surprising, for there are many points in the subject he has chosen in regard to which authority and reason may justly differ.

Both volumes are attractively printed and bound, and both contain numerous illustrations helpful to the text. INGRAM A. PYLE.

A LATTER-DAY PEPYS.*

Many years ago Macaulay commended to our acceptance the paradox that a small man could write a great book; proving it by the extreme case of James Boswell and his Life of Johnson. But the fallacy of the dictum lies in the unequal "distribution" of the term "great." Boswell's hero was great, and the portrait of him was literally a "speaking likeness," but

*THE CREEVEY PAPERS. A Selection from the Correspondence and Diaries of the late Thomas Creevey, M.P. Edited by the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P., LL.D., F.R.S. In two volumes. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

the eager, servile, foolish, painstaking Bozzy could not produce a book that was, in any honorably subjective sense, great. It is the great Doctor who wrote that book on the soft receptive tablets of his follower's memory; and the true fame of it is his. Yet, somehow, we would not have it otherwise. Had Boswell been wiser or more self-respecting, English literature would have lacked perhaps its most entertaining biography.

The "Creevey Papers" are of the *genre* of Samuel Pepys's Diary rather than that of James Boswell's Life of Johnson. Mr. Thomas Creevey lived for the larger part of a life of seventy years among the royalty, nobility, and gentry of England; instead of one adored great man he had no hero (unless possibly it were Lord Grey), and yet he knew everybody. Born at Liverpool in 1768, he was educated for the bar, but entered Parliament in 1802 as representative of the borough of Thetford, which, in those good old unreformed days, was in the pocket of the Duke of Norfolk. His shrewdness, activity, and tact made him a useful party man to the Whigs, especially the Radical wing of that party; while his good-humor, his fund of anecdote, and his willingness to fit in anywhere, made him a frequent guest at numberless dinner-tables in town and country. When the Whigs came into power in 1806, Creevey's services were recognized by his appointment to the Secretaryship of the Board of Control, a minor position in the "Cabinet Of All the Talents," which he held for only a year, going out with the short-lived ministry in 1807. Later, he sat in Parliament for the pocket-boroughs of Appleby and Downton, successively. In 1830, at the age of sixty-two, he received from the Whig government, first the Treasurership of the Ordnance, and afterwards that of Greenwich Hospital. He died in 1838.

Such is the meagre outline of an active but in no way illustrious career. Its interest to us consists in the fact that this industrious man found time, during his forty years of public life, to write voluminous letters to his step-daughter, Miss Elizabeth Ord, as well as to numerous friends; and in this immense mass of papers we have a sort of *journal intime* of English court, political, and society life, from the latter days of George the Third to the accession of Queen Victoria. By actual count, the index to these volumes contains the names of about 1450 persons, mostly of high degree, with whom Creevey had some sort of acquaintance. A more resolute diner-out never lived, and he was admitted on intimate terms to some of the noblest houses in England, from Windsor Castle down. It is not surprising to hear that the publication of these papers has stirred up much interest in British circles.

As a young man, Creevey belonged to the Prince of Wales's set, with social headquarters at the Pavilion in Brighton; and a careful search through these letters fails to disclose a single creditable item to improve the accepted reputation of the First Gentleman of Europe. None of George the Fourth's *entourage* at any time of his life had any illusions about him, and Creevey least of all. The atmosphere of those unedifying days reeks with the fumes of strong drink. Let one scene suffice.

"It used to be the Duke of Norfolk's custom to come over every year from Arundel to pay his respects to the Prince and to stay two days at Brighton, both of which he always dined at the Pavilion. In the year 1804, upon this annual visit, the Prince had drunk so much as to be made very seriously ill by it, so that in 1805 (the year that I was there), when the Duke came, Mrs. Fitzherbert, who was always the Prince's best friend, was very much afraid of his being again made ill, and she persuaded the Prince to adopt different stratagems to avoid drinking with the Duke. I dined there on both days, and letters were brought in each day after dinner to the Prince, which he affected to consider of great importance, and so went out to answer them, while the Duke of Clarence went on drinking with the Duke of Norfolk. But on the second day this joke was carried too far, and in the evening the Duke of Norfolk showed he was affronted. The Prince took me aside and said —'Stay after every one is gone to-night. The Jockey's got sulky, and I must give him a broiled bone to get him in good humor again.' So of course I stayed, and about one o'clock the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Clarence, the Duke of Norfolk and myself sat down to a supper of broiled bones, the result of which was that, having fallen asleep myself, I was awoke by the sound of the Duke of Norfolk's snoring. I found the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Clarence in a very animated discussion as to the particular shape and make of the wig worn by George II."

Creevey's intimacy with the Prince ended when the latter became Regent; and from this time on, the letters have plenty of robust criticism of the Defender of the Faith, who is generally referred to as "Prinney." When the famous suit for divorce against Queen Caroline was under way in the autumn of 1820, Creevey was an eager listener to all the proceedings. He sent off to his step-daughter hourly notes of the trial's progress, and joined lustily in the general rejoicings when the Government's attack upon the Queen had broken down.

"*Three times three!* if you please, before you read a word further. The Bill is gone, thank God! to the devil. Their majority was brought down to nine — 108 to 99; and then the dolorous Liverpool came forward

and *struck*. He moved that *his own* bill be read this day six months. You may well suppose the state we are all in. The Queen was in the house at the time, but Brougham sent her off instantly. . . . The state of the town is beyond everything. I wish to God you could see Western. He is close by my side, but has not *uttered* yet — such is his surprise."

In the autumn of 1814, Mrs. Creevey's health beginning to fail, her husband took her to Brussels. Considering the date, it turned out a singularly inappropriate place for an invalid needing rest and tranquility; for the Creeveys were still there when the return of Napoleon from Elba brought on the Hundred Days and Waterloo. As Mr. Creevey kept quite a full diary during those eventful times, and as he was honored with a good deal of the Duke of Wellington's confidence, we get some new and vivid glimpses of the great soldier. When the Duke returned to Brussels after the battle of Waterloo, Creevey visited him at his lodgings.

"As I approached, I saw people collected in the street about the house; and when I got amongst them, the first thing I saw was the Duke upstairs alone at his window. Upon his recognizing me, he immediately beckoned to me with his finger to come up. . . . The first thing I did, of course, was to put out my hand and congratulate him upon his victory. He made a variety of observations in his short, natural, blunt way, but with the greatest gravity all the time, and without the least approach to anything like triumph or joy. 'It has been a damned serious business,' he said. 'Blücher and I have lost 30,000 men. It has been a damned nice thing — the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life. Blücher lost 14,000 on Friday night, and got so damnably licked I could not find him on Saturday morning; so I was obliged to fall back to keep up (regain?) my communications with him.' Then, as he walked about, he greatly praised those Guards who kept the farm (meaning Hougomont) against the repeated attacks of the French; and then he praised all our troops, uttering repeated expressions of astonishment at our men's courage. He repeated so often its being *so nice a thing — so nearly run a thing*, that I asked him if the French had fought better than he had ever seen them do before. — 'No,' he said, 'they have always fought the same since I first saw them at Vimeira.' . . . Now that seven years have elapsed since that battle, and tho' the Duke has become — very foolishly, in my opinion — a politician, and has done many wrong and foolish things since that time, yet I think of his conversation and whole conduct on the 19th — the day after the battle — exactly the same as I did then; namely, that nothing could do a conqueror more honor than his gravity and seriousness at the loss of life he had sustained, his admission of his great danger, and the justice he did the enemy."

For so good a Radical, Creevey could be a stout opponent of progress when it took the form of railways, the introduction of which was bitterly fought by his friends the landed proprietors. He submitted, however, like everybody else, to the inevitable; and his description of his "first ride on the cars" (which in his case was "a ride on the first cars,") has a curious interest to-day.

"14th (November, 1829). To-day we have had a *lark* of a very high order. Lady Wilton sent over yesterday from Knowsley to say that the Loco Motive machine was to be at such a place upon the railway at 12 o'clock for the Knowsley party to ride in if they liked, and inviting this house to be of the party. So of course we were at our post in 3 carriages and some horsemen at the hour appointed. I had the satisfaction, for I can't call it *pleasure*, of taking a trip of five miles in it, which we did in just a quarter of an hour. As accuracy upon this subject was my great object, I held my watch in my hand at starting, and all the time; and as it has a second hand, I knew I could not be deceived; and it so turned out there was not the difference of a second between the coachee or conductor and myself. But observe, during those five miles, the machine was occasionally made to put itself out, or *go it;* and then we went at the rate of 23 miles an hour, and just with the same ease as to motion or absence of friction as the other reduced pace. But the quickest motion is to me *frightful;* it is really flying, and it is impossible to divest yourself of the notion of instant death to all upon the least accident happening. It gave me a headache which has not left me yet. Sefton is convinced that some damnable thing must come of it; but he and I seem more struck with such apprehension than others. . . . The smoke is very inconsiderable indeed, but sparks of fire are abroad in some quantity; one burnt Miss de Ros's cheek, another a hole in Lady Maria's silk pelisse, and a third a hole in some one else's gown. Altogether, I am extremely glad indeed to have seen this miracle, and to have travelled in it. Had I thought worse of it than I do, I should have had the curiosity to try it; but, having done so, I am quite satisfied with my *first* achievement being my *last*."

The free and easy atmosphere pervading these letters precludes any literary finish; the tone is colloquial and at times low; slang is not eschewed; and every eminent person of the day is regularly nicknamed. George the Third is "Old Nobs"; George the Fourth "Prinney"; his consort is "Mrs. P."; and William the Fourth is "Our Billy." To call the Duke of Norfolk "The Jockey" is only historical; less obvious are such names as "Slice" for the Duke of Gloucester, "The Pop" for the Duchess of Cleveland, and "Madagascar" for Lady Holland; while Creevey's distrust of the brilliant Lord Brougham shows itself in a variety of epithets — "Beelzebub," "The Archfiend," and "Wickedshifts."

We have only passing glimpses of some of the wits and men of letters whom Creevey was continually meeting and dining with, such as Sheridan, Sydney Smith, Luttrell, "Tommy" Moore, and Samuel Rogers — whose deathly appearance is rather heavily satirized by speaking of him as "the deceased poet." Creevey

must have heard a great many *mots* with which he might have brightened his pages. He loyally records a gallant saying of the sailor King, William the Fourth, about Lady Wellesley (who was a daughter of Mr. Caton, of Philadelphia).

"When she was in waiting at Windsor, some one, in talking of Mrs. Trollope's book, said, 'Do you come from that part of America where they "guess" and where they "calculate"?' King Billy said, 'Lady Wellesley comes from where they *fascinate*.'"

Creevey lived long enough to see the accession of Victoria, whose fresh young purity and decision of character brought a great sigh of relief and hope from a long-burdened nation. The veteran politician did ready homage to her charm, but coolly and perhaps maliciously thus touches up her personality:

"Here comes in the Queen, the Duchess of Kent the least bit in the world behind her, all her ladies in a row still more behind; Lord Conyngham and Cavendish on each flank of the Queen. . . . She was told by Lord Conyngham that I had not been presented, upon which a scene took place that to me was truly distressing. The poor little thing could not get her glove off. I never was so annoyed in my life; yet what could I do? but she blushed and laughed and pulled, till the thing was done, and I kissed her hand. . . . Then to dinner. . . . The Duchess of Kent was agreeable and chatty, and she said, 'Shall we drink some wine?' My eyes, however, were all the while fixed upon Vic. To mitigate the harshness of any criticism I may pronounce upon her manners, let me express my conviction that she and her mother are one. I never saw a more pretty or natural devotion than she shows to her mother in everything, and I reckon this as by far the most *amiable*, as well as valuable, disposition to start with in the fearful struggle she has in life before her. Now for her appearance — but all in the strictest confidence. A more homely little being you never beheld, *when she is at her ease*, and she is evidently dying to be always more so. She laughs in real earnest, opening her mouth as wide as it can go, showing not very pretty gums. . . . She eats as heartily as she laughs, I think I may say she gobbles. . . . She blushes and laughs every instant in so natural a way as to disarm everybody. Her voice is perfect, and so is the expression of her face when she means to say or do a pretty thing. . . . At night I played two rubbers of whist, one against the Duchess of Kent, and one as her partner. . . . The Queen, in leaving the room at night, came across quite up to me, and said, 'How long do you stay at Brighton, Mr. Creevey?' Which I presume could mean nothing else than another rubber for her mother. So it's all mighty well."

We have spoken of these volumes as a book by Mr. Creevey. So they are; but we owe their appearance in this form to the industry and good taste of Sir Herbert Maxwell, who has edited them from the mass of papers placed at his disposal by Mrs. Blackett Ord, whose husband was the grandson of Mr. Creevey's eldest step-daughter. Sir Herbert has connected the extracts by explanatory paragraphs and has supplied plenty of personal footnotes telling us "who's who." His task must have been, even at this late day, a delicate one. But it has probably been done with discrimination, and what few comments the editor has allowed himself have made us wish for more. The portraits, of which there are twenty-one, are beautifully reproduced in photogravure from pictures by Lawrence, Landseer, and others; and the indispensable index is not wanting.

JOSIAH RENICK SMITH.

RECENT BOOKS OF TRAVEL.*

The decadence of travel on American rivers, the rise of the Pullman car, and the decline of the passenger steamboat have left the present generation in gross ignorance of some of the finest of nature's panoramas, and have made unfamiliar to modern eyes the paths of early explorers and navigators, missionaries and soldiers, traders and naturalists. Not the least important among these highways of pioneer days is the Ohio river, graphically described by Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites in his volume entitled "On the Storied Ohio." Here we are given the narrative of a journey by skiff in 1894 from Brownville on the Monongahela to the "Father of Waters" at Cairo. An earlier account of this journey was printed in 1897 under the title "Afloat on the Ohio." The present new edition has been revised, and provided with numerous and suitable illustrations. No one is better able than Mr. Thwaites to write of the scenes which the banks of this stream witnessed in the early days of our history, nor to describe the part which this pathway played in the struggles between the English and the French for the possession of the West and in the losing fight which the red man waged against the pioneer a century and more ago. The book is unique in its

*ON THE STORIED OHIO. By Reuben Gold Thwaites. Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

CLIMBS AND EXPLORATIONS IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES. By Hugh E. M. Stutfield and J. Norman Collie. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

A PLEASURE BOOK OF GRINDELWALD. By Daniel P. Rhodes. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

NORWEGIAN BY-WAYS. By Charles W. Wood. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

FROM BROOM TO HEATHER. A Summer in a German Castle. By James Taft Hatfield. Illustrated. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye.

BUDAPEST, the City of the Magyars. By F. Berkeley Smith. Illustrated. New York: James Pott & Co.

TO DAY IN SYRIA AND PALESTINE. By William Eleroy Curtis. Illustrated. Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Co.

TOWARDS THE RISING SUN. By Sigmund Krausz. Illustrated. Chicago: Laird & Lee.

AROUND THE CARIBBEAN AND ACROSS PANAMA. By Francis C. Nicholas. Illustrated. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co.

THE LAND OF THE DONS. By Leonard Williams. Illustrated. New York: Cassell & Co.

TOLEDO AND MADRID. Their Records and Romances. By Leonard Williams. Illustrated. New York: Cassell & Co.

subject, interesting as a tale of travel and adventure, and especially valuable on account of its very full historical setting.

Though the Canadian Pacific Railway has drawn public attention to their accessibility in recent years, and tourists make short excursions among them from Banff and Glacier, the Canadian Rockies are but little known. The disappearance of trails over the passes following the decline of the fur trade has so hindered exploration that Mounts Brown and Hooker, guardians of the Athabascan pass, have stood unchallenged since they were named by the botanist David Douglass in 1827. They were reduced from their high estate in 1900 by Messrs. Collie and Stutfield, and Mounts Forbes, Columbia, and Alberta were raised to reign in their stead as monarchs of the Rockies. Although members of the Appalachian Club have done much of late to bring these Canadian peaks and glaciers to the attention of lovers of mountain climbing, it is to the enterprise of two English sportsmen (not of the sanguinary sort) that we are indebted for the fullest account yet published of that region. Mr. Hugh E. M. Stutfield, noted for his travels in Morocco, and Mr. J. Norman Collie, the veteran climber of the Himalayas, have made extended exploring trips among the Canadian Rockies, climbed many of the hitherto unscaled peaks, discovered glaciers and snow fields exceeding in extent those of the Alps, and completed a number of surveys of uncharted territory. A well-illustrated account of their exploits is presented in "Climbing and Exploration in the Canadian Rockies," a work which gives not only the personal experiences of the authors, but in an historical *résumé* tells what is known from past explorations of surveyors, trappers, and guides. The recent writings of other enthusiasts are also quoted, so that the volume is an epitome of all that is known at present concerning this Switzerland of America. A carefully prepared map gives the results of the writers' explorations and the elevations thus far determined, while a chapter on sport and game is intended for the hunter. Near the Kootenay Plains, an old Indian gathering-place, where the tributaries of the Saskatchewan draining the largest icefields of these mountains unite to form the main stream, is the place which seems to the authors an ideal one for a tourist centre. "We may fairly anticipate that at the mouth of Bear Creek will be the Chamonix or Grindelwald of the Canadian Alps in days to come, when the remoter peaks and valleys of this beautiful region are more accessible to the outside world, and the new mountain playground of the American continent becomes no longer a dream but a reality."

Mountain climbing in Switzerland presents a very different aspect to the novice than in the region described in the book just dealt with. In Switzerland experienced guides know the various routes and are aware of the dangers which beset them. A maximum of accomplishment with a minimum of effort is, barring hostile weather, assured to the tourist. The charms and terrors of the Jungfrau and the Wetterhorn are revealed in Mr. Daniel P. Rhodes's "A Pleasure Book of Grindelwald," a work in which holiday travellers to the Oberland will find much of interest "outside of the province of the regular guide-books." The readable text and fine illustrations in Mr. Rhodes's volume afford an excellent portrayal of the charms of this famous valley and its environs, and an insight into the life of the villagers of the Bernese Alps. A novel account is given of Grindelwald in winter and the sports at the rink. Those who have been, or intend to go, to Switzerland, or who plan or practise mountain climbing elsewhere, will find Mr. Rhodes's book rewarding.

The reader who enjoys a running tale of travel, full of incident and illumined by conversation and small talk on topics more or less pertinent to the place and scene, will find his account in Mr. Charles W. Wood's "Norwegian By-Ways." The author is a veteran traveller well known through his books in similar vein on Spain and France. The present volume is not a collection of classified or assorted information, or even a work dominated by any particular aim or revealing any characteristic point of view. The passing incident, the chance acquaintance, the skydsgut, the snowfield, — mayhap the marmalade, serve as links in the chain of smoothly-flowing conversations which make up the greater part of the book. Withal it gives a pleasing picture of the rugged land and sturdy folk of Norway.

The story of a quiet summer spent in a quaint German castle at Staufenberg in Hessia is told, in a manner which brings to the reader much of the charm of village life in rural Germany, by Professor James Taft Hatfield, in his book entitled "From Broom to Heather." With its abundant illustrations the volume affords an excellent picture of tourist experiences among Hessian villages and village folk and in the mediæval town of Rothenberg. There is an account of the water cure at Salzschlirf, and an interesting chapter on Berlin. Regarding the latter city, the author says that "a new spirit has come into its architecture, a spirit which expresses itself in a joyous display of power and superabundant luxury, but which at the same time brings to its service a cultured and discriminating taste." He notes in Berlin, also, the new movement in decorative art, "a long delayed manifesto against the heaviness and dulness of traditional styles and conventions."

From the point of view of the *Quartier Latin*, the artist Mr. F. Berkeley Smith writes most entertainingly of "Budapest, the City of the Magyars," — of Pest, the miracle of modernity, with its broad streets, fine buildings, up-to-date tramways and underground railway, superb opera-house, parks, museums, and magnificent Parliament buildings, and of Buda with its palace. That this splendid city is not better known by the average traveller is due, says the author, to the fact that tourists are systematically discouraged from stopping at Pest

by the Viennese, owing to the enmity existing between the Austrians and the Hungarians. The author is a clever *raconteur*, and he gives his readers a spicy account of his visit to a Magyar nobleman's estate, of the theatres, music halls, baths, and clubs of the city, and of the gipsy camps and their famous music. The work is lavishly supplied with illustrations, notable for their excellence and fitness, from scenes painted, drawn, or photographed by the author.

In sharp contrast with the cleanliness and enterprise of this Magyar city on the verge of the Orient are the filth, antiquated facilities for travel and comfort, and the social and political instability of "Syria and Palestine of To-day," as described by Mr. W. E. Curtis, the veteran newspaper correspondent. The author makes very apparent the inadequacy of Turkish rule and the apathy of the people toward the Sultan, and he cites the evidence of the profound impression which the visit of the German Emperor made upon the country. The account of the changes wrought by the five German Lutheran colonies, which are made up largely from American sources, is of special interest. These colonies are industrial communities which seek to regenerate the people of Palestine by offering an example of modern civilization and honest industry to Gentiles and Jews. Incidentally, their clean beds and fair charges are a godsend to travellers in a land where filth and extortion abound. Mr. Curtis's book, though made up of newspaper "copy," is comprehensive, modern, and apparently unbiased — except possibly as regards the Turk.

In his volume entitled "Toward the Rising Sun," Mr. Sigmund Krausz takes his readers over a much greater extent of territory than do the two previous writers, his route lying from Constantinople, the ports of Greece and Asia Minor, through Egypt and India. Mr. Krausz follows the beaten path of tourists, recording his personal impressions of the sights along the way and freely expressing his opinions of the people with whom he comes in contact. His point of view appears to be that of a matter-of-fact commercial traveller, and his comments, while interesting and often entertaining, are devoid of any historical, sociological, or artistic perspective. The illustrations are abundant, but not always in good taste or of the best quality.

A story of personal adventure among the Indians of the Mosquito Coast and with the Talamanca tribe in Costa Rica, and an account of extended travel in the coastal country of the United States of Columbia, across the mountains to Bogota, and on the Isthmus between Colon and Panama, is contained in Dr. Francis C. Nicholas's "Around the Caribbean and across Panama." The author visited these countries in the interests of mining and commercial enterprises, and also in the service of the American Museum of Natural History in New York. His commissions led him far from the few main lines of travel into the wilderness of tropical forest and waterways, where torrential rains, floods, fever, tropical vermin, savage beasts, and treacherous natives insure variety and interest, if not comfort and safety, to the traveller. Dr. Nicholas favors the Panama route for the Isthmian canal, and his book contains some interesting, though poorly-reproduced, photographs of the proposed route. The volume is interesting and timely, though not as illuminating on matters of present-day interest as many readers might wish.

Mr. Leonard Williams, author of "The Land of the Dons," is an Englishman, whose long residence in Spain, together with a facile pen and ability at investigation, make him competent to write a book which covers with some degree of thoroughness not only the physical features of the country and the characteristics of the inhabitants, but also something of its literature, its political and social history, and the present national situation. One feels after reading the volume that much has been learnt about the country. Suggestive and interesting is the historical sketch to which the last quarter of the book is devoted, under the novel captions, "The Past of the Present," "The Present of the Present," "The Future of the Present." Here are given a statement and summing-up of past mistakes in Spanish policy, foreign and internal, and an analysis of the defects in the nation's political and social life. The author outlines various reforms which a kindly feeling towards Spain and a belief in her future leads him to expect. The book is made delightful by the personality of the writer. It is a charmingly humorous and upright mind that is here revealed, with a poetic temperament occasionally showing itself in some bit of perhaps too consciously fine writing.

Mr. Williams is also the author of a new volume entitled "Toledo and Madrid, their Records and Romances." With light and vivid touch the writer takes us through scenes connected with Toledo's past and present. We visit Pedro the Armourer's work-shop, and see the famous blade in process of construction. We roam about the city, visiting the streets of the various crafts, and the ancient market with its cheaper stalls set apart for the poor. We visit the Jew's quarter, and watch a famous duel. It is all a dream that might easily come to one where every object so speaks of the past that the traveller and the present-day tenant seem anachronisms. The intimate connection of Toledo with the ecclesiastical history of Spain, and the overshadowing of State by Church to the detriment of the country, is vividly set forth, and in the author's summary of Toledo of to-day is furnished an epitome of Spain's decline. The chapters on Madrid are devoted largely to historical matters, chiefly to an account of the manners and customs of the long reign of Philip IV., who came to the throne in 1621. The elaborate costumes of man and maid, the extravagant pastimes, and the vice and crime which everywhere flourished are described at length. The topography and economic and moral standing of "New Madrid" are dwelt on, but little is said concerning its art or architecture. The volume closes

with an historical sketch of the Escorial, and an account of a visit to the birthplace of Cervantes, "the Shakespeare of Spain," where one may visit the ruins of the university he attended and see in the church his baptismal certificate.

CHARLES ATWOOD KOFOID.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

An illustrated record of English literature.

Volumes II. and IV. of "English Literature: An Illustrated Record" have now been published in this country by the Macmillan Co., and the monumental work stands complete in its four volumes. What we said of it when the first volumes appeared need not now be repeated; we are as glad to have these sections as we were to have the earlier ones, and the work as a whole is highly satisfactory in all respects save that of its inordinate weight, the consequence of printing it upon unnecessarily thick paper. Two volumes of this size might easily have sufficed for the whole, instead of four. Dr. Garnett, to our pleasant surprise, is the author of about two-thirds of the second volume, carrying the record down to the death of Shakespeare, and leaving Dr. Gosse to begin his share of the task with the Jacobean writers. We say this because, on the whole, the work of the senior author has a better balance, a surer judgment, and a greater degree of accuracy than that of his colleague. In his treatment of Shakespeare Dr. Garnett, in our opinion, has too much dignified the Baconian lunacy by the amount of attention he pays to that most amazing of mare's nests. What he says is, of course, wholly by way of refutation, but we doubt if it was advisable to allude to it at all. And on still other grounds we may indulge in a little fault-finding when we come upon such an unpunctuated sentence as the following: "Bacon might be deemed capable of composing the speeches of Ulysses but these wood notes wild!" But the treatment of Shakespeare and his group is on the whole admirable: popular in the best sense, yet the product of an exacting scholarship, and beyond all praise in the wealth of its illustrative matter. The illustrations are, of course, the essential *raison d'être* of the whole work, and it is not easy to say enough in commendation of this feature of the record. So rich a collection of portraits, places, autographs, and illuminations has never before been made — could hardly have been imagined — in connection with the subject of English literature, before the appearance of these four volumes. Volume IV., if anything a trifle thicker and heavier than its predecessors, is entirely the work of Dr. Gosse. The illustrations, as the author admits, "descend through grades of picturesque decline to the period, not merely of the frock-coat and of the top-hat, but of that most inæsthetic instrument, the photographer's lens." However, they remain quite as numerous as before, and become perhaps more varied in their interest. The treatment comprises four "Ages," that of Wordsworth, to 1815, of Byron, to 1840, the Victorian, to 1870, and that of Tennyson, to 1900. An Epilogue of a few pages follows these four sections, and introduces portraits of Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Meredith, the two greatest Englishmen left us, who might not be otherwise included because of the fortunate circumstance that they are still alive. An Appendix gives texts of the Old English facsimiles, and translations of the early MSS. and letters. An elaborate index to the whole four volumes completes the work.

Feathered life in the land of sunshine.

In her very gratifying account of the "Birds of California" (McClurg) Mrs. Irene Grosvenor Wheelock has shown herself possessed of prime qualities as a student of nature. She has enthusiasm, patience, an instinct for close observation, and a capacity for arduous labor. Added to these qualities she has an easy and picturesque habit of narration which allows the interest of her readers no opportunity for flagging. Often as she has to relate the individual story of a group of beings with marked dissimilarity in traits and manners, she escapes the peril of monotony by admirable tact in the management of incident and in the choice of felicitous phraseology. It was a somewhat daring venture to follow in a special field of research so recently and ably covered by Mrs. Florence M. Bailey, whose "Manual of Birds of the Western United States" is accepted as a standard in this department of American ornithology. Yet the present writer has not imitated or duplicated the achievement of her predecessor. She has produced a distinctly original work, which proves its *raison d'etre* by the amount of novel information it presents. In this, as in her previous popular book on "Nestlings of Forest and Marsh," Mrs. Wheelock pays particular attention to the babies in the bird world. It is with reference to them rather than to the adult that she directs her investigations, intent upon observing the entire course of their development under the care and tutelage of the parent. It is a wonder how she comes upon so many intimate domestic scenes in the life of the birds, how she finds so many skilfully hidden homes and guarded secrets in their careful keeping. Her book is the reward of a faithful watcher, up with the dawn and out all day long, in the fields and the forests, on the water and the mountain tops, never stopping for any obstacle that a woman's wit and will can overcome. There is little mention made of the difficulty and fatigue encountered, but this may be read between the lines. It is pleasant to note that so much fruitful work was accomplished without the use of a gun. There was not a single instance, among the three hundred species described, of the murder of a bird or the ravage of a nest. Mrs. Wheelock adds substantial testimony to the theory that the school is a regular institution among wild animals, and that their young

are trained by persistent discipline to walk in the way they should go. She was a frequent witness of the lessons in swimming, feeding, flying, and singing which the parent bird deems essential to the proper education of the fledgling. She likewise furnishes considerable support to the lately-discovered fact that many young birds in the nest are fed by regurgitation for a length of time varying with the species. She records a hundred and eighty cases in which the young hatched in a naked or semi-naked condition were fed in this manner for at least three days. Vultures were so fed for ten days, and a few, such as humming-birds and swallows, as long as they remained in the nest. Mrs. Wheelock has secured in Mr. Bruce Horsfall the help of a competent artist for the illustrations accompanying her narrative. These number ten full-page plates and seventy-eight text-drawings. The publishers have earned a full share of commendation by the rich and handsome dress in which they have clothed the book.

Masterpieces of legal literature.

A judiciously selected group of the masterpieces of English and American legal literature, including forensic arguments and judicial and professional opinions presented during the nineteenth century and the closing half of the eighteenth, has been arranged and edited by Mr. Van Vechten Veeder, and published under the title of "Legal Masterpieces" (Keefe-Davidson Company, St. Paul). The purpose of the collection, as expressed by the editor, "is to bring together, from the whole field of legal literature, specimens of the best models of the various forms of discourse and composition in which the lawyer's work is embodied." This purpose, of illustrating precisely how great jurists have argued great questions, has been well attained in these two volumes of upwards of 1300 pages. The forensic efforts selected are worthy of being gathered into such an anthology. Though it is not an exhaustive collection, and one misses some favorites and notes the absence from the group of such orators and advocates as Seward and Garfield and Prentiss, yet it would not be easy to exclude any whom the editor has admitted into his circle. Selections are made from the leading efforts of seven of the foremost British jurists of the period indicated, among whom are Erskine, Curran, and Brougham. Erskine is represented in five great arguments, first of which, in more than one respect, is that in defense of Lord George Gordon against the charge of treason. Hamilton, Marshall, Webster, and Curtis are prominent among the twelve American jurists whose forensic work is here accorded place. The selections are by no means averaged in number among the speakers represented. Chief Justice Marshall and Lord Bowen each contribute four judicial opinions, and Webster, O'Conor, and Evarts each three legal arguments; while Erskine is drawn upon for five similar efforts, and Curtis furnishes three arguments at the bar, one opinion as judge, and one charge to the jury — five contributions in all. In the selections made from this class of professional work, the subjects of Constitutional Law and International Law are naturally favorites. Webster's persuasive addresses in the Dartmouth College case and the Rhode Island controversy of Luther *vs.* Borden, Hamilton's convincing opinion in favor of the charter of the Bank of the United States, and David Dudley Field's earnest argument in the McCardle case, present worthily the possibilities of American Constitutional Jurisprudence. Evarts's argument in behalf of the United States before the Geneva Arbitration Tribunal recalls a notable episode in modern International Law. This great subject is the one with which Mr. Veeder's collection appropriately opens, in Lord Mansfield's answer to the Prussian Memorial (*anno* 1753), and with which it closes in James C. Carter's argument before the Bering Sea Fur Seal Commission (*anno* 1893). Students will welcome the opportunity to secure and preserve, in this form, these masterpieces of legal literature, most of which have heretofore been accessible only in the dry and dusty "reports." The collection is rounded out and made symmetrical by brief biographical sketches of these masters of forensic oratory, in which the reader is made easily acquainted with the personality of each of the authors, and with the leading facts of his career and his labors and achievements as a jurist.

A Southern literary woman in the Civil War.

Southern women during the Civil War have been the subject of praise in song and story, but they have seldom been the subjects of biography. The "Life and Letters of Margaret Preston" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) will find many sympathetic readers. Margaret Preston is known as the author of some stirring war-lyrics, and as a contributor to various magazines; and her life was one of unusual interest. Of Northern parentage and association in early life, she married Colonel John Preston, who was subsequently on Stonewall Jackson's staff. As the wife of Colonel Preston, the sister-in-law of General Jackson, and the daughter of a stanch Abolitionist clergyman, Margaret Preston was tried between loyalty to her father and to her husband, to her native and her adopted State. With courageous strength and gentle pride, she stood by her husband and his cause in the hour of their greatest trial. And herein lies the chief value of her published biography, — that although in manners and customs she was thoroughly Southern, she saw the strenuous life of the Southern women in war-time from a sympathetic Northern woman's point of view. While one can speak, not unappreciatively, of her biographer's "magnified epitaph," one can read only with keen delight the almost wholly autobiographic chapters entitled "A Journal of War Times" and "Post-Bellum Days." In these chapters are a gentle woman's thoughts of the suffering innocent; of woman's hand at man's work; and of the weariness and cruelty of war. These chapters

have other attractions: pictures of Jackson, Lee, Maury; the prices of household stuffs; accounts of the occupation of the home town by Federal troops; the shifts to which the women were driven to make life bearable, — all making an interesting and instructive commentary on woman's life in the South during the days of war and reconstruction. If the author and editor of the volume had given more of the Journal, and fewer letters, omitting even the correspondence with Longfellow, Whittier, Burroughs, and Jean Ingelow, she would have added to the interest of the book. The correspondence between Paul Hayne and Mrs. Preston is of interest only so far as it adds to our information of the struggles of Southern literary men, — a struggle only too well known in the cases of Poe, Timrod, and Lanier. The Life and Letters of Mrs. Preston are prepared for publication by her step-daughter, Elizabeth Preston Allan. Another Southerner, Professor James A. Harrison, has written a thirty-seven page appendix in praise of Mrs. Preston as a woman and as a poet. As to her womanly qualities, there can be no dispute; but of her poetry there can hardly as yet be a final decision. If any of her poems are to live, it seems likely that they will be those written in the white-heat of her "Journal of War Times."

The Catholic revival in England.

A glance at the table of contents of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's "Problems and Persons" (Longmans, Green, & Co.) promises more of general interest than the book itself fulfils, for the simple reason that most of the essays reprinted here are now several years behind the times. And yet this very fact, coupled with the knowledge that at the time of their writing — in no case more than eight years ago — Mr. Ward was well abreast of the age, adds weight to the author's main argument, that theology, the most nearly changeless of the sciences, has fallen into line with the other sciences in a gradual process of evolution. Of the eleven essays that compose the volume, the majority deal with this problem in its various phases, — "The Time Spirit of the Nineteenth Century," "The Rigidity of Rome," "Unchanging Dogma and Changeful Man," and "The Foundations of Belief," these abstract discussions being supplemented by the more concrete illustrations of the life-work of Cardinals Newman and Wiseman. The book is essentially a history of the Catholic revival in England, its causes and its leaders. But to-day we take for granted what seemed like a new revelation, even to progressive theologians, at the time when Mr. Ward's essays were written, — namely, that the *Semper eadem* of the Catholic Church is not identical with unplastic rigidity, but is thoroughly compatible with the assimilation of contemporary scientific principles. "The evolutionary view, which broke up the old supposition as to the fixity of theology, brings its own compensation. A fixed theology, viewed as final, was the analogue to a view of the universe which failed in other departments to grasp evolution as a fact. An avowedly living and developing theology, on the other hand, — a theology viewed as consisting of ideas capable of organic growth, the symbolic expression of a living and lasting Divine truth, — is the analogue to a science which contemplates and investigates the laws of evolution in all other departments." But we no longer recognize any other than the evolutionary theology; and while the history is interesting, the argument is wasted. Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Wiseman have done their work so well that many of their most advanced and radical theories are accepted, and even enlarged, by those for whom the great men hoped only to prepare the way toward a future understanding. So rapidly all science, even the science of theology, has moved in the last generation. The essay devoted to the life-work of Cardinal Wiseman and his personal characterization is easily the most interesting and the most vital in the book, — the other essays concerning Persons, including the Tennyson and Huxley reminiscences, seeming somewhat out of place, and adding nothing definite to our knowledge of the men beyond some interesting personal anecdotes.

New volumes in the "Historic Highways" series.

The latest issues of Mr. Archer Butler Hulbert's series of "Historic Highways" (Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland) are volumes seven and nine, — the publication of an omitted volume, relating to Military Roads, having been postponed for further investigation. Volume seven relates to "Portage Paths," which are strikingly characterized as "The Keys of the Continent." It is divided into two parts. Part I. gives a description of portages, those between the headwaters of rivers and those around obstructions in rivers, and a history of portages, their use by Indians and the early explorers, their strategic importance in the struggle between the red and white man and their later employment for roads and canals. Part II. gives a list of twenty-nine portages, with particular descriptions of some of them. The first, connecting the St. John with the Bay of Chaleur, is not so described; and the last, connecting Lake Superior with Hudson's Bay by way of the Lake of the Woods, has apparently been "pied" by the printer. The intervening portages, except for those around Niagara Falls, consist of two classes, — those between the St. Lawrence or the Lakes and the Atlantic rivers, and those connecting the Lakes with the tributaries of the Ohio and the Mississippi. There is a good account of the Oneida portage, but many of the other descriptions are very meagre. — Volume nine, entitled "Waterways of Western Expansion," is entirely devoted to the Ohio and its tributaries. It treats of the expedition of Céloron de Bienville, the extinction of Indian title in Ohio, the difficulties of river navigation, the evolution of river craft from the canoe and pirogue to the flat-boat, keel-boat, and steam-boat, the character of successive generations of rivermen, and the expenditures

of the federal government for the improvement of the navigation of the Ohio. The title "Our First Glimpse of the Ohio," which the Céloron chapter bears, conveys the erroneous impression that European knowledge of the river began with that expedition. The Indian treaties of 1785 and 1786, recounted in the second chapter, were never carried into effect, but were superseded by the treaty of Greenville. The extracts from "The Navigator" suggest some account of that publication, and of other river-guides; but none is given. We naturally look for narratives of pioneer voyages down the river, but do not find them. Both of the volumes exhibit the merits and the faults of the earlier ones. They are entertaining and suggestive, but are so far from complete that the reader cannot resist the conclusion that the work has been pushed too rapidly. The publishers have decided to break a hundred sets of the series, so that, for a time at least, the volumes may be had separately.

History of the Peninsular War.

The second volume of Mr. Charles Oman's "History of the Peninsular War" (Oxford University Press) is of even larger bulk than was the first. This is due mainly to the existence of much more original material for the campaigns of 1809 than was found for 1808, and to the fact that the unity of treatment hitherto permissible is prohibited in 1809 by the multiplication of the centres of military activity. In the later year the campaigns in some degree ceased to be national, and became local and isolated. Each of these local campaigns have been treated with infinite pains in exact statement, and with the same genius for military detail evinced in the first volume. The cordial reception given that first volume has evidently encouraged Mr. Oman to criticise more directly and specifically the work of Napier as a historian, and such criticism is less apologetically stated. Thus, he shows us that Napier's description and plan of Wellesley's passage of the Douro, in the face of a French army, are wholly untrustworthy, and that Napier "had either never seen the ground, or had forgotten its aspect after the lapse of years." In the case also of the famous second siege of Saragossa, Napier's denunciation of the incapacity of Palafox is largely disproved by Mr. Oman. Palafox, he says, was no doubt inefficient in certain details of military engineering, but nevertheless had made magnificent preparations for the provisioning of the beleaguered city, had created, largely by his personal enthusiasm, an intense fanatical patriotism in the breasts of soldiers and citizens, and was, at every critical stage of the siege, the very soul of the defense. In the end, Saragossa was conquered by typhus, much more than by the assaults of the French. Even in such dramatic incidents as this siege, it is evident that Mr. Oman's principal genius lies in the depiction of purely military movements; and it is for this that his present work must take high rank. Extreme technical detail, involving the movements not only of main divisions of an army but of mere fragments of a division as well, results in somewhat wearisome reading at times. But this is inevitable, if one be not deeply interested in military technique; and in any event the omission of detail would have deprived the author alike of his own chief interest and of his distinct service to history.

Journalism as a profession.

Few men have been better qualified to write of the trials and tribulations of journalism as a profession than was Mr. Julian Ralph. A quarter of a century of active experience in the newspaper business in America and Europe, not to mention magazine work in the lines of travel and descriptive work — "which is closer than a cousinship to newspaper work" — has given him an intimate knowledge of this field of endeavor. In "The Making of a Journalist" (Harper) he has shown us that newspaper life is "not a little subject," and has pointed out how widely one can stray without losing touch of it. "Napoleon not only depended upon the press to prepare France for his plans and to execute many of them, but he directed and worked the newspapers in a way which was instinct with the spirit and genius of journalism. Bismarck's death leaves him revealed to us as an editorial manipulator of newspapers in a way and to a degree which assures us that the spirit of the newspaper man, as well as a correct view of the power and processes of the press, were his." The author has devoted interesting chapters to newspaper interviewing, criminal reporting, war correspondence, gathering of election returns, the mysterious "sixth sense" in journalism, the reporter's power in state and national politics, etc., illustrating each with incidents and examples from his individual experience. The work has just that amount of personal interest which makes us feel that we are taken into the confidence of the writer, and does not assume that *ex cathedra* tone which one frequently encounters in the writings of a specialist on any subject.

Elements of architectural criticism.

Architecture is the youngest of the arts in America, and a popular knowledge and appreciation of it are as yet undeveloped among us. Hence a book written in popular language, giving some of the principles of architectural criticism, is timely and should prove useful. Mr. Russell Sturgis is not only the leading critic of architecture in this country, but he has, through his "Dictionary of Architecture," made himself an acknowledged authority upon all architectural subjects. His essays in elementary architectural criticism, in "How to Judge Architecture" (Baker & Taylor Co.), are entitled to a wide reading; and the book, with its admirable illustrations, numbering more than eighty, is a valuable contribution to the rapidly growing number of handbooks of art education. It is just possible that Mr. Sturgis is too fine a critic, and too much of an expositor of his art, to treat the subject in a popu-

lar manner; and though he seeks, by foot-note definitions of every technical term he uses, to make his meaning perfectly clear, he may yet fail to bring to the gentle art of criticism many followers from the ranks of the laity. Perhaps, however, this is only to be said after a comparison of his work with such a book as Statham's "Architecture for General Readers," which must hold its own as a popular educator wherever it is known. But Mr. Sturgis's book is entitled to high praise, and will tend to a more general understanding of the subject.

A new life of Philip Schuyler.

A biography of General Philip Schuyler, more in keeping with the modern style of treatment than Lossing's, which was published more than two-score years ago, is supplied by Mr. Bayard Tuckerman (Dodd, Mead & Co.). The material for the composition has been collected, it is claimed, from the papers and order-book of General Schuyler, from the Gates papers in the New York Historical Society, and from the archives of the Department of State in Washington. The early part of Schuyler's life has a just proportion, but his military services in the old French and the Revolutionary wars make up the bulk of the volume. His civic services in later life are reduced to a minimum. The Gates-Schuyler rivalry occupies many pages, the substitution of the former for the latter in the Northern command being attributed to the unwillingness of the New England troops to serve under "the Dutchman," with his strict discipline and military order, and to the persistent intrigue of Gates himself. Washington is represented as listening to "one-sided accounts" in certain instances where Schuyler was concerned. The writer confesses that Schuyler lacked genius or extraordinary talent of any kind, but finds a praiseworthy motive of genuine love of country in his actions.

An unevenful period of French history.

The period in French history between the death of Henry IV. and the rise to power of Richelieu is singularly devoid of general interest. But for the fact that the session of the States General in 1614 was the last meeting of that body before the Revolution, there is hardly anything that rises above the level of personal intrigues. Dr. A. P. Lord, who presents in his "Regency of Marie de Médicis" (Holt) a study of the years 1610–1616, has evidently felt this narrowing of interest, and his book is mainly concerned with the schemes of the princes. He has also tried to throw light upon the exact circumstances under which Sully was forced to retire. His chapters are based upon a careful study of the sources and of the work of the late Professor Berthold Zeller. One may venture to ask why he has made no apparent use of the two remarkable volumes of Hanotaux upon the earlier years of Richelieu, for they contain an important interpretation of the period. The volume is enriched by several portraits taken from the collection in the Louvre.

BRIEFER MENTION.

A group of Petrarch's sonnets, nine in number, together with one canzone, has been translated into English with singular success by Miss Agnes Tobin, and published by Mr. Howard Wilford Bell in an exquisite and luxurious vellum-bound volume called "Love's Crucifix." Miss Tobin's versions are good as reproductions and good also as English poems — a twofold excellence which translators rarely achieve. A series of black and white drawings by Mr. Graham Robertson adorn the volume, and are in keeping with the charm of the verse. The edition is limited, and only one hundred copies are offered for sale in this country.

Two new volumes have just been added to "The Musician's Library" by the Oliver Ditson Co. "Forty Songs by Johannes Brahms" is edited by Mr. James Huneker, and provides a typical representation of the work of the composer in all the stages of its development. Mr. August Spanuth is the editor of "Twenty Piano Transcriptions by Franz Liszt," which includes examples from eleven composers. Among the pieces are Paganini's "Campanella," Schubert's "Du Bist die Ruh," Verdi's "Rigoletto," and three of the Wagner arrangements. Each of these volumes has the usual portrait of the composer and a prefatory critical essay.

It is so long since we have had a new volume in the "Cranford Series" (Macmillan) that the appearance of Fanny Burney's "Evelina" in this charming setting is a pleasure the more to be appreciated because unexpected. Mr. Austin Dobson as editor and Mr. Hugh Thomson as illustrator have rarely had a more congenial subject than is afforded them here, and it is needless to say that the Introduction of the one and the pen-and-ink drawings of the other are thoroughly delightful. Often as we may have read "Evelina" before, it will be impossible to resist a fresh perusal in this latest and best of all editions.

A "Recueil de Locutions Françaises," by M. Armand-Georges Billaudeau, is published in Paris by MM. Boyveau and Chevillet, and supplied to the American market by Mr. G. E. Stechert. The work contains about fifty thousand French phrases, proverbial, familiar, or figurative, for which English equivalents are provided — a matter of much ingenuity in many of the cases. We are bound to say that a good many of the English idioms here given have been invented for the occasion, but the book, taken with judgment, ought to be found exceedingly useful by translators from French into English.

Professor Charles Gide's "Principles of Political Economy" was first translated for the use of American students about twelve years ago. The work has to a singular degree the qualities of lucidity and interest in which the French are the masters of the rest of mankind, and at once took its place as one of the very best of general treatises upon its subject. A revised American edition of this book has just been published by Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co., having been retranslated by Dr. C. William A. Veditz from the latest form of the original, and adapted for our use (with the author's sanction) by the substitution of American illustrative material for the French material employed by the author. It is a book of singular interest and value, and most successfully redeems the subject of economics from the charge of being a "dismal" science.

Notes.

Mr. Arthur Henry's forthcoming story of a return to Nature, entitled "The House in the Woods," will bear the imprint of Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co.

"A First Book in Latin," by Messrs. Hiram Tuell and Harold North Fowler, is published in a revised edition by Messrs. Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co.

"How the People Rule," by Mr. Charles D. Hoxie, is a book of very elementary "civics for boys and girls," published by Messrs. Silver, Burdett & Co.

Dr. Max Planck's "Treatise on Thermodynamics," translated with the author's sanction by Dr. Alexander Ogg, is a recent publication of Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co.

Messrs. J. F. Taylor & Co. publish a "Manual of Forensic Quotations," from speeches by distinguished lawyers, a work prepared by Messrs. Leon Mead and F. N. Gilbert.

Professor Buel P. Colton's "Zoölogy, Descriptive and Practical" is published by Messrs. Ginn & Co., the two parts now united in a single volume, although still separately paged.

The Macmillan Co. publish a "New Physical Geography," by Professor Ralph S. Tarr, the latest in a long series of exceptionally good and successful text-books upon this subject.

An English prose translation of Cynewulf's "Elene," made by Mr. Lucius Hudson Holt, is published as one of the series of "Yale Studies in English" by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.

"Stories of the Ancient Greeks," by Mr. Charles D. Shaw, is a collection of myths and hero-tales retold for children in simple language. It is published by Messrs. Ginn & Co.

Stevenson's "Treasure Island," edited by Miss Theda Gildermeister, is published by Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co. in an illustrated edition, with biography and notes, for the use of schools.

"A First Book in Business Methods," published by Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co., is a useful book for schools, and has been prepared by Messrs. William P. Teller and Henry E. Brown.

"Electric Traction," by Mr. John Hall Rider, is "a practical handbook on the application of electricity as a motive power," published in "The Specialists' Series" by the Messrs. Macmillan.

"Whittaker's Anatomical Model of the Female Human Body," accompanied by descriptive letter-press, and prepared by Mr. William S. Furneaux, is a recent publication of Mr. Thomas Whittaker.

Professor W. W. Goodwin has prepared a school edition of "Demosthenes on the Crown" by abridging his larger edition of the same work published some three years ago. The volume is published by the Macmillan Co.

In the new volumes of the "English Men of Letters" series to be published this spring by the Macmillan Co., the Hon. Emily Lawless will write of Maria Edgeworth, Canon H. C. Beeching of Jane Austen, and Sir Leslie Stephen of Hobbes.

Mr. Tuley Francis Huntington is the author of a text-book on the "Elements of English Composition" for secondary schools. Not rules but habits, is the motto of the work, and an excellent one it is. The book is published by the Macmillan Co.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser's "Letters from Japan" is to be published by the Macmillan Co. early in March in a new one-volume edition containing all the original illustrations. This charming "record of modern life in the Island Empire" was first issued five years ago.

The American Book Co. send us a book of "Field and Laboratory Exercises in Physical Geography," by Mr. James F. Chamberlain. We have from the same publishers a "Physical Laboratory Manual for Secondary Schools," by Mr. S. E. Coleman.

Dr. Josiah Strong, head of the American Institute for Social Service in New York, has prepared for the Baker & Taylor Co. of New York a year book of "Social Progress," made up of social, economic, and religious statistics from all parts of the world.

The "Geography of South and East Africa," by Mr. C. P. Lucas, extracted from "A Historical Geography of the English Colonies," and revised to date by Mr. Hugh Edward Egerton, now makes a volume by itself, and is published at the Oxford Clarendon Press.

Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. publish a new edition of "The Defence of Guenevere, and Other Poems," by William Morris. This is a reprint of the edition of four years ago, which embodied the revisions made by the author for his own Kelmscott Press edition of 1892.

An interesting collection of early Victorian anecdote, gossip, and reminiscences is said to have been brought to light in England by the publication of the Memoirs of Anna Pickering as edited by her son. The book is to be published soon in this country by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.

"Consolatio" is the title of an ode written by Professor Raymond Macdonald Alden, and published by Messrs. Paul Elder & Co. The poem is in memory of certain students of Stanford University who died last June a few days before the time of their expected graduation.

The new edition of the Lewis and Clark Journals in convenient form, which Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co. are preparing for immediate issue, will contain a general introduction and an account of the Louisiana Purchase by Professor John Bach McMaster and an identification of the route of the explorers by Mr. Ripley Hitchcock.

Miss Margaret Morley, whose original nature books have brought her a secure reputation, has written an entertaining volume about squirrel life, which she has named "Little Mitchell, the Story of a Mountain Squirrel." Miss Morley's publishers, Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co., will issue the book this Spring, with sympathetic illustrations by Mr. Bruce Horsfall.

The American Book Co. publish a new "Gateway Series" of English classics for schools, under the general editorship of the Rev. Henry van Dyke. Three volumes are now at hand: Macaulay's Essay on Milton, edited by Mr. E. L. Gulick; Carlyle's Essay on Burns, edited by Professor Edward Mims; and Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," edited by Professor Felix Schelling.

Mr. William Vaughn Moody has for some years been working on a trilogy of dramatic poems dealing with the Promethean legend. The first of the three, entitled "The Fire-Bringer," will be published next month by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The second has already been published under the title of "A Masque of Judgment." Mr. Moody expects to complete the third during the next two or three years.

The February issue of "The Burlington Magazine" contains an interesting prospectus of articles planned for publication during the present year, including contributions from many of the most authoritative art critics of the day. The American edition of this magazine *de luxe* now appears with the imprint of the Macmillan Co.

Volume I. of "Testing of Electro-Magnetic Machinery and Other Apparatus," by Messrs. Bernard Victor Swenson and Budd Frankenfield, is a practical treatise on electrical engineering published by the Macmillan Co. "Direct Currents" is the special subject of this first volume.

The English "Who's Who" for 1904, being the fifty-sixth annual issue of this valuable book of reference, is sent us by the Macmillan Co. It records occurrences down to the middle of last September. The prefatory tables which formerly accompanied these volumes have now disappeared altogether, to be published hereafter in separate form, and the seventeen hundred pages of the work now contain biographies alone. As we have remarked before, the selection of American names is capricious.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons announce that hereafter their business will be carried on as a corporation under the title of Charles Scribner's Sons, Incorporated. There will be no change in the management or methods of the business, which will go on in all its departments as heretofore. Advantage will be taken of the opportunity for associating more closely some of those who for years have been connected with the organization. The officers of the Company are Charles Scribner, president; Arthur H. Scribner, vice-president and treasurer; Edwin W. Morse, secretary.

The Messrs. Scribner will begin publication this month of an important series of biographical and critical studies of well-known authors of all countries, under the general title of "Literary Lives." Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll is editor of the series, and the first two volumes, on Matthew Arnold and Cardinal Newman, are the work of Mr. G. W. E. Russell and Dr. William Barry respectively. Early volumes are promised by Mr. W. Hale White on John Bunyan, Mr. Clement K. Shorter on Charlotte Brontë, Dr. Nicoll on R. M. Hutton, Professor Edward Dowden on Goethe, and Miss Louise Imogen Guiney on William Hazlitt.

"The Shorter Poems of Alfred Tennyson," edited by Mr. Charles Read Nutter, and Book I. of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," edited by Professor George Armstrong Wauchope, are two new "Pocket Classics" published by the Macmillan Co. Other English texts for school use are "Macbeth," edited by Mr. George Smith, and "The Tempest," edited by Mr. Oliphant Smeaton, published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.; "The Merchant of Venice," edited by Dr. William J. Rolfe, published by the American Book Co.; and Macaulay's "Life of Samuel Johnson," edited by Mr. Charles Lane Hanson, published by Messrs. Ginn & Co.

Publication of their complete and definitive edition of the Journals of Lewis and Clark will soon be begun by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., under the editorship of Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites. The original journals of the expedition are now in the possession of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia. Although these journals have formed the basis for many published accounts of the expedition, it is claimed they have never before been made public in the exact form and manner in which they were actually written by the explorers. A still more remarkable fact is, according to the publishers' statement, that the accounts heretofore published have been not only more of a paraphrase than a reproduction, but they have totally ignored a great mass of valuable information. It is said that the forthcoming edition will include much important material heretofore unpublished.

Topics in Leading Periodicals.

March, 1904.

Advertising, Public, Abuses of. C. M. Robinson. *Atlantic.*
Alphabet, History of the. H. S. Williams. *Harper.*
America Competing against Itself. *World's Work.*
Animals, On Humanizing the. John Burroughs. *Century.*
Army, The, and Anti Canteen Legislation. *No. American.*
Asia, Economic Changes in. Arthur J. Brown. *Century.*
Ballooning over the Alps. J. I. McCallum. *World's Work.*
Baltimore Disaster, Lessons of the. *Review of Reviews.*
Baltimore Fire, The. J. M. Rogers. *Review of Reviews.*
Beggar's Pouch, The. Agnes Repplier. *Atlantic.*
Bible Society Centennial, The. D. C. Gilman. *No. American.*
Bismarck, A Visit to. Henry Villard. *Century.*
Books Unread. Thomas W. Higginson. *Atlantic.*
Bourse, The Paris. Cleveland Moffett. *Century.*
Business, The Small, as a School of Manhood. *Atlantic.*
Civilization, A Sioux Indian's First Impressions of. *Harper.*
Coal Strike, What Has Followed the. *World's Work.*
Commercial Union, American. Wharton Barker. *No. Amer.*
Constitution and Guerrière, Fight of. A. T. Mahan. *Scribner.*
Desert Irrigation in Far West. L. R. Freeman. *Rev. of Revs.*
Diplomacy, American, Beginnings of. J. B. Moore. *Harper.*
Elasticity and Sound Banking. F. A. Cleveland. *No. Amer.*
England and the Russo-Japanese War. *No. American.*
Far-Eastern Trade, A Menance to America's. *No. American.*
Farming under Glass. B. T. Galloway. *World's Work.*
Garden Idyll, A. Kate Whiting Patch. *Harper.*
Gentlewoman, Return of. Harriet L. Bradley. *Atlantic.*
Germany, A Letter from. W. C. Dreher. *Atlantic.*
Haiti, A Century of Independence in. *Review of Reviews.*
Hanna, Senator. L. A. Coolidge. *Review of Reviews.*
Hawthorne Letters, A Group of. Julian Hawthorne. *Harper.*
Holst, Hermann von. Lucia Hammond. *Review of Reviews.*
Industrial Manager, The Modern. H. Wisby. *World's Work.*
Insect Commonwealths. H. C. McCook. *Harper.*
Japan, Men Who Are "Doing Things" for. *Rev. of Reviews.*
Korea, Japan, and Russia. R. E. Speer. *World's Work.*
Labor Unions, A Workingman on. R. B. Grant. *Century.*
Labor Unions, Race Factors in. W. Z. Ripley. *Atlantic.*
Labrador "Liveyere," The. Norman Duncan. *Harper.*
"Mary Had a Little Lamb" and its Author. *Century.*
Menomonie's Ideal Schools. Adele Shaw. *World's Work.*
Mesa, The Enchanted. Benjamin Brooks. *Scribner.*
Mommsen, Theodor. Jesse B. Carter. *Atlantic.*
Newspapers, Why Disbelieved. E. Bok. *World's Work.*
Panama and Canal, Latin-American Views of. *Rev. of Revs.*
Panama and its People. F. C. Nicholson. *Review of Reviews.*
Panama Canal, Control of Approach to the. *World's Work.*
Polar Campaign, The. J. Scott Keltie. *No. American.*
Pope, An Interview with the. *Review of Reviews.*
Pope, Anecdotes of the New. W. J. D. Croke. *Century.*
Post-Office and the People. M. G. Cuniff. *World's Work.*
Prescott the Man. Rollo Ogden. *Atlantic.*
Public Opinion, Making of. Rollo Ogden. *Century.*
Railroading, Ten Years' Advance in. *World's Work.*
Rugby, Little. Roy Rolfe Gilson. *Harper.*
Russia, Why Japan Resists. K. Takahira. *No. American.*
Russian Commanders in the Far East. *Review of Reviews.*
Russian Jew Americanized. E. S. Brudno. *World's Work.*
Santo Domingo. Charles S. Salomon. *Review of Reviews.*
South American Desert, Crossing a. C. J. Post. *Harper.*
Strauss, Richard. James Huneker. *Scribner.*
Warfare, An Untechnical View of. *North American.*
Western Sea, Search for the. Agnes C. Laut. *Scribner.*
Woman Suffrage, Advantage of, to the State. *No. American.*

List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 55 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

William Penn, as the Founder of Two Commonwealths. By Augustus C. Buell. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 368. D. Appleton & Co. $2.25 net.

William Pepper, M.D., LL.D. (1843-1898), Provost of the University of Pennsylvania. By Francis Newton Thorpe. Illus. in photogravure, large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 535. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50 net.

The Memoirs of Rufus Putnam, and Certain Official Papers and Correspondence. Compiled and annotated by Rowena Buell. Illus., large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 460. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $4. net.

The Man Roosevelt: A Portrait Sketch. By Francis E. Leupp. Illus., 12mo, pp. 341. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25 net.

James Oglethorpe, the Founder of Georgia. By Harriet C. Cooper. Illus., 12mo, pp. 217. "Historic Lives." D. Appleton & Co. $1. net.

Jeremy Taylor. By Edmund Gosse. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 234. "English Men of Letters." Macmillan Co. 75 cts. net.

HISTORY.

The Oligarchy of Venice: An Essay. By George B. McClellan. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 216. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Angler's Secret. By Charles Bradford. 12mo, pp. 206. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1. net.

Some Silent Teachers. By Elizabeth Harrison. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 187. Chicago: Sigma Publishing Co.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

Hypatia. By Charles Kingsley. With frontispiece, 18mo, gilt top, pp. 467. "New Century Library." Thomas Nelson & Sons. Cloth, $1.; limp leather, $1.50.

The Grave: A Poem. By Robert Blair; illus. with 12 etchings by L. Schiavonetti from the original inventions of William Blake. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 44. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.

BOOKS OF VERSE.

Songs of Content. By the late Ralph Erwin Gibbs; edited by Charles Mills Gayley. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 82. Paul Elder & Co. $1. net.

Poems of John Cleveland. Annotated and correctly printed for the first time. Edited by John M. Berdan, Ph.D. With photogravure portrait. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 270. New York: The Grafton Press. $1.50 net.

Asters and Golden-Rod, and Other Poems. By George Lansing Taylor, D.D. With portrait, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 201. Eaton & Mains. $1. net.

Consolatio: Ode in Memory of the Members of the Class of 1903 of Stanford University who Died during the Month of their Graduation. By Raymond Macdonald Alden. 8vo, pp. 12. Paul Elder & Co. Paper, 50 cts. net.

FICTION.

The Story of Susan. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Illus., 12mo, pp. 384. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

The Dayspring. By Dr. William Barry. 12mo, pp. 331. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Violett: A Chronicle. By Baroness von Hutten. 12mo, pp. 285. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

The Woodhouse Correspondence. By George W. E. Russell and Edith Sichel. 12mo, pp. 281. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

The Jewel of Seven Stars. By Bram Stoker. 12mo, pp. 311. Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

Henderson. By Rose E. Young. 12mo, pp. 189. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

All's Fair in Love —. By Josephine Caroline Sawyer. Illus. in color, 12mo, pp. 346. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Her Infinite Variety. By Brand Whitlock; illus. in photogravure by Howard Chandler Christy. 12mo, pp. 168. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.50.

When It Was Dark: The Story of a Great Conspiracy. By Guy Thorne. With frontispiece, 12mo, pp. 391. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.20 net.

RELIGION.

New Light on the Life of Jesus. By Charles Augustus Briggs, D.D. 8vo, pp. 196. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.20 net.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

A Journal of Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North America. By Daniel Williams Harmon. With portrait and map, 16mo, pp. 382. "The Trail Makers." A. S. Barnes & Co. $1. net.

Child Life in Mission Lands. Edited by Ralph E. Diffendorfer. Illus., 18mo, pp. 180. Jennings & Pye. 50 cts.

NATURE.

Some Indian Friends and Acquaintances: A Study of the Ways of Birds and Other Animals Frequenting Indian Streets and Gardens. By Lt.-Colonel D.D. Cunningham, C.I.E. Illus. in color, etc. 8vo, gilt top, pp. 423. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

MEDICINE AND ANATOMY.

Biographic Clinics. By George M. Gould, M.D. Vol. II., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 392. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co. $1. net.

Whittaker's Anatomical Model of the Female Human Body. Edited by W. S. Furneax. Illus. in color, 4to. Thomas Whittaker. $1.75 net.

The Influence of Pasteur on Medical Science: An Address Delivered before the Medical School of Johns Hopkins University. By Christian Archibald Herter, M.D. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 77. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1. net.

ART AND MUSIC.

Pictorial Composition and the Critical Judgment of Pictures: A Handbook for Students and Lovers of Art. By H. R. Poore, A.N.A. Second edition, revised; large 8vo, pp. 282. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50 net.

Printing in Relation to Graphic Art. By George French. 12mo, uncut, pp. 118. Cleveland: The Imperial Press.

Forty Songs by Johannes Brahms. Edited by James Huneker. (For high voice.) Large 4to, pp. 158. "Musician's Library." Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. Paper, $1.50; cloth, $2.50.

Twenty Piano Transcriptions by Franz Liszt. Edited by August Spanuth. Large 4to, pp. 156. "Musician's Library." Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. Paper, $1.50; cloth, $2.50.

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